Ramsey Clark, Old and New • Lester Thurow on the Limits of Markets
Robert Brustein on Peter Brook • William Gass on Stanley Elkin

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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TRB

from Washington
June 28, 1980

Eyeball to Eyeball

Seven leaders of non-communist countries meet in Venice and consider an unreal world of gondolas, medieval palaces built on piles, and nuclear missiles. It takes half an hour to get anywhere on the Grand Canal and the same time for a missile to cross the Atlantic (half that time if fired from a submarine). The leaders speak portentously and regard each other slyly, particularly the American, Jimmy Carter: can they trust him? Can they trust his country? America is supposed to supply Europe with a nuclear cover against Soviet attack, but who knows what that means? French president Giscard d'Estaing has made an unannounced trip recently to meet Brezhnev; German chancellor Helmut Schmidt (up for reelection on October 5) visits Moscow on June 30. These trips raise questions. It is wise to keep contacts with the Russians, of course, but there are inevitable doubts.

This is the sixth economic summit conference. They started in 1975 and, more than any other preceding it, this one involves politics. The danger and challenges are greater. This is the first summit conference since Afghanistan, since Iran, since economic sanctions, since the shelving of SALT II by the Senate and the virtual collapse of detente, which began way back with the Nixon-Brezhnev meeting in Moscow in 1972. There is greater anxiety today; the elastic band of tension is stretched out further, and war jitters are just under the surface.

It is a crazy world; nobody would believe it in a movie scenario! In the Kremlin sit old men: the average age in the Politburo is 70; Brezhnev is 73 and ill. The Soviets are paranoid about encirclement; they lost 20 million against Hitler; their economy is not working right; there is no fixed rule for peaceful succession; they have every reason for reducing tensions with the West. So they invade Afghanistan.

And consider the West: it is fearful of Russia; it has imposed sanctions; it carries a back-breaking weight of armaments; it suffers a global recession; it has every reason for reducing tensions with Russia. So its leaders meet at Venice. They bolster each other's resolve and propose a new European nuclear weapons system that Moscow says it won't tolerate.

Russia has deployed some 200 missiles, the SS-20s, with multiple warheads aimed at Western Europe. Last December NATO members agreed to deploy new US-supplied nuclear warheads to offset the Russian threat. They are called the Theater Nuclear Force. They would be ready around 1983. Moscow reacted angrily. It is prepared to have its own weapons threatening Europe but not vice versa; it proposes peace steps but not the removal of its missiles.

And here we come to something approaching an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation. Nobody wants to push things too far, but how far will Moscow go? Out of a scanty civilian budget Russia has pushed armaments for years while the United States for some time has cut back on defense expenditures as a percentage of gross national product. Isn't the Soviet Union as entitled to be a superpower as the United States? It was humiliated to have to back down in the Cuban missile crisis. The question is, what comes now? Most observers agree that Russia has achieved essential military balance, parity, rough equivalence, or whatever you want to call it. Now comes the question of the Soviets' real motives: are they seeking coexistence, as doves hope, or dominance, as the hawks have charged for years? The seven leaders at Venice will consider that, and what they will collectively and severally do about it.

America's view of the world is influenced by having been top dog for so long. The United States takes for granted that it is the industrial leader and is humiliated to see General Motors hard pressed, Ford hit by an extraordinary recall demand, and Chrysler all but bankrupt. The streets swarm with foreign cars. Detroit's miscalculation of the small car market was the greatest industrial error in history.

Everyone ardently hopes that this is only a passing phase and, in all probability, it is. Yet it is hard to get out of the habit of thinking that America's wealth alone will cushion such self-inflicted blows, or soften the sacrifices other countries endure. Take, for example, this question of military registration for young men with which Congress has been wrestling. Compulsory military draft in peacetime is anathema to Americans. The present proposal does not require that; it is a standby process for possible emergencies. Russia has no scruples: it registers young men at 17 and, at 18, carries off a million or so every year for two years of service. It supports a military force of around 3.6 million and Russians suffer reduced living standards. It is a loathsome thought to Americans. At a summit conference like Venice, however, all sorts of crude and unpleasant realities intrude.

Can President Carter and Secretary of State Muskie hold the present alliance together? There is a better chance of negotiating reasonably with Moscow if there is unity among the allies and unity at home. The Republicans are ready to spring on Carter regardless of what happens, and Ronald Reagan seems prepared to campaign against Russia with everything he's got once the nomination is over. Politicians at Venice make allowances for election campaigns. Yet at a time when each ally is asking if the others can be trusted, Congress made Carter's burden harder at Venice. He urged a 10-cent-a-gallon fee on petroleum to slow imports. He noted that France has a $1.67-per-gallon tax, Italy $1.92, and that the United States has only four cents a gallon which the proposed fee would raise to 14 cents. Carter never got his fervor over to the public. His words were eloquent: "The US is a leader in trying to forge a joint program. . . . The oil import fee is a symbol of our willingness to take the painful steps needed to conserve oil. If we are to lead we must act like a leader."

Maybe somebody else could have prevailed. Congress overwhelmingly whooped him down. It sent Carter to Venice with a black eye.

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Correspondence

The princess and a peeve

To the editors:

In his article, "Apologies, PBS-Style" (*TNR*, May 24), William A. Henry III writes about the follow-up discussion to the film "Death of a Princess": "Five of the six panelists were at least occasional shills for the Saudis: the sixth was a journalist who confined himself mostly to discussing the difficulties of reporting in Saudi Arabia." I flatter myself that I am the sixth panelist referred to.

Henry later contradicts himself by admitting that I compared Saudi Arabia to Russia, called the Royal Family hypocrites, and forecast their overthrow. I also commented on political repression, political prisoners, the role of women, Western financial interests in Saudi Arabia, and so on. Hardly "confined."

I can sympathize if Henry was lulled to sleep by the banality of the discussion and has only a fitful memory of it. I even understand how a man who has reached the pinnacle of his journalistic career to become a television critic can make the occasional mistake. But I object to a Pulitzer Prize winner who, for the sake of making some glib point of his own, attributes opinions to me that I can prove I do not hold. I did not urge that "barbaric societies be treated as respectfully as democracies," nor did I blame "Saudi hostility on excessive trade with former imperial powers."

Andrew Duncan
Pacific Palisades, California

Courtship and blackmail

To the editors:

There seems to exist a contradiction between the tone of your "Selling Out the Oil Reserve" editorial and Amos Perlmutter's "The Courtship of Iraq," both in the May 3 issue of *The New Republic*. On one hand, your editorial criticizes the Carter administration for succumbing to Saudi blackmail, and on the other hand, the Perlmutter article expresses fear over and generally admonishes the American leadership's perceived courtship of Iraq, particularly because such action might alienate what "friendly" nations we have in the region, not excluding Saudi Arabia. Where does *The New Republic* stand here? Surely you recognize the liabilities associated with movement toward the Iraqis diplomatically, but your oil reserve comment suggests otherwise, however inadvertent that suggestion may be. What gives?

John Cramer
Lexington, Kentucky

Overruling Dooling

To the editors:

TRB's recitation of Ronald Reagan's "extraordinary utterances" (*TNR*, June 7) faults the candidate's characterization of "the Supreme Court's refusal last February to block the use of federal funds for Medicaid abortions as 'an abuse of power as bad as the transgressions of Watergate.'"

The Supreme Court did not refuse to block the public funding of abortion under Medicaid, in the sense of overturning a legislative decision in favor of such funding. No one asked the Court to do such a thing. What 250 members of Congress asked the Court to do was to overturn the decree of a single federal judge, who had commanded such funding. Procedurally, philosophically, legally, there is a world of difference between blocking the use of funds and telling Judge Dooling he may not, on his own, command their expenditure.

Reagan's press statement went to considerable lengths to specify just what the Court's offense was: "This is no longer a controversy about abortion," he said. "It is now a matter of whether the American people can hope to have any control whatsoever over their government's expenditures." Lest that be cited as one more example of Reaganite hyperbole, I point out that, by permitting Dooling's order to go into effect, the Court abetted, for the first time in American history, the expenditure of federal moneys which the Congress had refused to appropriate.

Agnes M. Waldron
Washington, DC

The refugee debate

To the editors:

TRB's "More Huddled Masses" (*TNR*, May 24) is more than the negative side of the debate. It defines the immigration problem in a world context. Unlimited population growth on a plundered planet is cancer. The ensuing editorial, *A Half Opened Door*, seems half-cocked rather than the other half of an issue.

Jimmy Carter's "open hearts and arms" ballyhoo, using Cubans, seems reminiscent of that by Vito Marcantonio, using Puerto Ricans. Of course the president is not the leftist that the New York City legislator was, but *West Side Story* should be a reminder of the situation. It underscores the tragedy caused by excessive Puerto Rican migration into the late representative's bailiwick (1939-51).

Willy-nilly, it's always "We the People" who pick up the tab for our snake-oil salesmen's political propaganda. Isn't it high time to love America and its citizens more, by hating communism and Castro less?

If we'd contribute our fair humanitarian share through the UN, we'd aid starving and economically depressed peoples within their homelands. Then we might regain our national self-respect, lost in Vietnam. As alms givers, instead of arms sellers, we might also gain respect from abroad. World leadership demands examples of noblesse oblige, without the warmongering bias.

Louise Hatch Meservey
Wollaston, Massachusetts

To the editors:

In response to the refugee problems discussed by TRB and the editors, neither side is presented clearly. It seems that at the bottom TRB is saying that we cannot continue to allow unlimited immigration of refugees as they are taking and will be taking more of the jobs Americans need, especially as unemployment is so high at the present. I believe it's been proved over and over that this is almost a complete fallacy. The refugees have taken and continue to take the jobs that most Americans would rather receive unemployment aid or welfare assistance than take.

I take issue with the editors in their last sentence: "It may be impossible to let in everyone in the world who would like to come to the US. But we can and should let in the Cubans." Why should the Cubans be more privileged than any other refugees? Because Cuba is so near Florida? Because they have been under the thumb of a dictator? I happen to agree that we should let in the Cubans, but we have just as much of a duty to let in refugees of other countries. The editors and I must have been reading

(continued on page 40)

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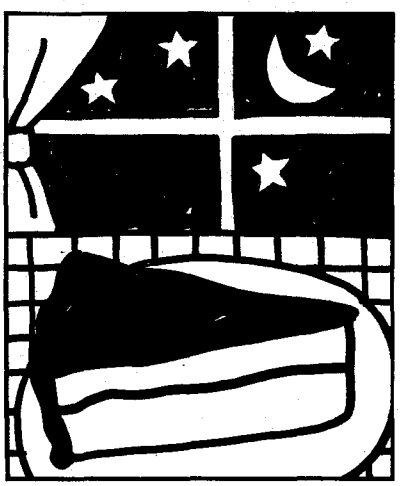
Medical Myth No.4



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Contents

TRB from Washington	2	Eyeball to Eyeball
	3	Correspondence
Comment	5	The Fruits of Election Reform
		Continent Without a Spine
John Osborne	7	White House Watch: Aloft With Carter
Jonathan Alter	9	On the Hill: Borin' Orrin
Stuart Stevens	12	Politics: The South Falls Again
Stephen Chapman	14	One Reform Too Many
Charles Fenyvesi	15	Soviet Maneuvers
Nathan Lewin	17	Travels With Ramsey
Diane Ravitch	18	In the Family's Way
	19	The European Models
Ann Hulbert	20	The Baltimore Bust
		Books and the Arts
Stanley Kauffmann	26	Films: Old Troubles
Robert Brustein	27	Theater: The Quest of Peter Brook
Michael Collier	28	Poem: "A Little Night Story"
William Gass	29	Stanley Elkin's *The Franchiser*
Homer Bigart	32	*Without Fear or Favor* by Harrison E. Salisbury
Benjamin R. Barber	34	*Community* by Glenn Tinder
Pauline Maier	36	*Puritan Boston and Quaker Philadelphia* by E. Digby Baltzell
Lester C. Thurow	37	*Knowledge and Decisions* by Thomas Sowell
Ann Hulbert	38	*A.E. Housman* by Richard Perceval Graves
Robin Winks	40	Mysteries
Washington Diarist	43	Getting the Willies

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

June 28, 1980

The Fruits of Election Reform

As the 1980 primary season ends, serving up its unappetizing fruit of Carter-Reagan-Anderson, it is not too soon to think about how, if at all, we might get a better crop of nominees in 1984. It's remotely possible that the weather will be so fair these next four years that good choices simply will spring from the ground—for example, if Carter is reelected this time (teaching the Republicans the lesson, finally, that America doesn't want a right-wing ninny for president), then miraculously transforms himself into a competent, far-seeing, popular leader and finally transfers his mantle to Walter Mondale. Or if Anderson somehow wins this year, does well as president, and becomes a major-party nominee in 1984.

Then again, it's possible that dire events will occur during the next administration and that God, fulfilling his responsibility to look after fools, drunkards, and the United States, will produce another Washington, Lincoln, or Roosevelt to see us through. One unsuccessful candidate for president this year thinks it is all but certain that instabilities and contradictions in our economy will result in a crash during the next four years, making the president elected this year another Herbert Hoover. This candidate promises to return in 1984 to take up the role once played by FDR. But if God is really looking after the USA, he surely will save us from Jerry Brown.

If we are sensible, we will not depend upon luck or God to choose our leaders. If we agree that the system we have now has produced bad candidates, then we had better do something about it ourselves. We ought to, first, decide what qualities we want in our president and, second, reshape our selection system to give us what we want.

Sometimes it's argued that, however much people may gripe to the pollsters, the American electorate gets the presidential nominees it really wants—who accurately reflect the public's deepest (often unconscious) feelings about its politics. There's nothing wrong with the argument, but it doesn't follow that it's snobbish or undemocratic to complain about the people's choices.

If there is a shared attribute to Jimmy Carter, Ronald Reagan, and John Anderson, it is the appearance of moral uprightness. Jimmy the self-proclaimed saint, Ronnie the regular guy, and John tell-the-truth—all three reflect the public's continuing post-Watergate integrity crisis. After Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon, it's hard to dispute people's yearning for a president they can trust, but consider what the country did in 1976 out of an obsession with virtue: it elected Jimmy Carter, whose only qualification for the presidency was his promise never to lie to us. To get a man who was clean, we also chose one utterly without national or international experience, who has spent four years unsuccessfully fumbling at the levers of power and who increasingly has had to resort to lies to keep himself in office.

Assuming we survive the experience, it has done us some good to have had Jimmy Carter in the White House. It has demonstrated that just anybody can't be a good president. Jimmy Carter took office with about the same equipment that any reasonably well educated, intelligent, prosperous, and well-meaning Democrat might have brought to the job, plus a hunger for power, of course, that impelled him to seek the task in the first place. He has faced the world's and the country's problems much as any novice would—by trying one thing and then another, by listening to one set of advisers and then another set, often by splitting the difference, by looking at polls to see what the country wants, by trying to look brave without really daring to make the public suffer.

Jimmy Carter's failures aren't all Jimmy Carter's fault. The country itself is confused. The old verities no longer seem to hold. Now it's possible to have recession and high inflation at the same time. We are not the all-powerful economic and nuclear monolith that we were after World War II. We have lost a war for the first time and now little countries thumb their noses at us with impunity. Power and authority seem to be meaningless internally, too. Congress won't obey the president or even its own elected leaders. Every group spends much

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of its time trying to avoid being screwed by another group, often acting preemptively. Jimmy Carter can't lead, in part, because the people don't know where they want to go and won't follow anybody who tries to tell them. But with the country in such a mood, what better presidential candidate could there have been than Carter, who didn't know where *he* wanted to go either, and hadn't a clue how to get there?

Have we learned anything since 1976? Well, not if one judges by the Democratic party's 1980 nominating process, which has given us Jimmy Carter again, after rejecting Edward Kennedy on moral grounds and Jerry Brown as being simply out of this world.

Nor does Ronald Reagan's Republican victory suggest that the public has moved beyond innocence as its prime qualification for the presidency. Jimmy Carter thought he could conquer the world with virtue and good intentions, pledging at the beginning of his administration to banish nuclear weapons, spread human rights, and free America from its inordinate fear of communism. Ronald Reagan thinks that virtue will triumph if he can conquer the world's two great seats of evil—the Soviet Union and the federal government. The first, he says, is responsible for violence almost anywhere and everywhere it occurs on the globe, as though envy, hunger, racism, and power lust never operate independently of Moscow. And the second, he says, is responsible for low productivity, the energy crisis, urban problems, and inflation, as though private greed, a self-indulgent lifestyle, and racial discrimination had no effect on our domestic existence. To answer the country's confusion and insecurity, Reagan is promising "to make America great again," as though it were possible to recreate the power balance of the 1950s. He seems to think he can revive the postwar era economically and socially as well. It's hard to say whose naiveté is more dangerous, Reagan's or Carter's. When Carter's visions collided with reality, he wavered and grew weak. If he is reelected, he may stumble into crisis. When Reagan's prejudices collide with reality, he may stubbornly persist into war or economic dislocation.

Of the three principal candidates, John Anderson now appears to us the most realistic and thoughtful. But even he has emerged as a contender because of his alleged moral superiority, his willingness to speak unpopular truths. The country is only dimly aware of Anderson's program and has yet to begin to ask whether someone elected without the support of a party or even a real coalition of powerful interest groups could possibly govern the country.

We ought to be able to do better than these three in 1984, and we can if we resolve sometime soon that what we want in a president is not innocence, but experience; not good intentions, but a practiced sense of strategy; not prejudices, but knowledge; and not isolation from Washington and other world capitals, but deep familiarity with them. Henry Kissinger observes in his memoirs that statesmen must spend their time in power spending intellectual capital, not acquiring it. Either of the two major-party candidates this year would come to office intellectually bankrupt, while John Anderson's balance still needs a public audit.

If we want better nominees, we need a better system of picking them—one designed to maximize the chances that candidates with a background of proven leadership will triumph. But we have been moving in the opposite direction over the past decade. We have done away with boss rule now, but we also largely have eliminated the influence that party professionals, elected officeholders, and elder statesmen could have on the nomination process. Now it's possible for a candidate to come from nowhere, sound a popular refrain, win the attention of the media, rise in the polls, and beat his opposition on notoriety, not quality. Jimmy Carter did just that in 1976. The present system also discourages candidates with heavy public responsibilities from running. Starting in January and extending until June, the primaries require that a candidate either be unemployed (as Carter was in 1976 and Reagan is now) or ignore his job (as Anderson has this year). It is practically impossible for a Senate minority leader, an important congressional committee chairman, or a sitting governor to do his or her work and also shake hands in Iowa and New Hampshire and appear at fundraising cocktail parties in New York and Los Angeles in order to get the party's nomination. The federal $1000 limitation on campaign contributions increases the amount of time candidates must spend fundraising—and it will become worse as inflation reduces the buying power of such contributions.

And finally, the existing system has deprived the national conventions of their deliberative functions. Even if President Carter plunges the economy into a depression and his chances of beating Reagan look nil, delegates to the New York convention will have to violate party rules in order to dump Carter and pick another candidate.

Some changes have been proposed to edge the system back from January-to-June campaigning and from the necessity for nonstop primary fundraising. Former Democratic National Committee executive director Mark A. Siegel has drafted a proposed rule change setting aside 30 percent of convention seats for members of Congress, senators, governors, and state party officials, who would be urged to arrive at future conventions uncommitted to any candidate. Democratic representative Morris Udall has suggested that primaries be held only on the first Tuesday of March, April, May, and June, thereby cutting down on the time candidates need to campaign. And various experts have suggested raising the contribution limits—to allow qualified candidates a full chance to get their messages across to the voters. As long as contributions and expenditures must be fully disclosed, there is little likelihood of Nixon-style abuses. Unfortunately, the chances for re-reforming the nomination system do not

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look favorable. Jimmy Carter's forces at the Democratic convention are unlikely to repudiate the system that twice produced Carter victories. New Hampshire, Iowa, and other early primary or caucus states are unlikely to change primary dates which briefly focus national attention on them. And there seems to be no mood in Congress for raising funding limits.

Conceivably, the Democrats will appoint yet another commission to consider rules reform. If they do not, and assuming no rules changes are adopted this time, we will face in 1984 the same long and unsatisfactory nominating process we have endured in 1976 and 1980. God only knows what kind of candidates the system will produce in 1984.

Continent Without a Spine

The statement issued in Venice by the leaders of the Common Market finally confirms that European man is no longer vertebrate. Israel is the latest victim of the allies' spinelessness; how satisfying for them that at last they've found someone their own size to pick on. The small states intervened in the affairs of a small state, which big states are not allowed to do. Israel should take comfort in the smallness of Europe. The feckless continent is no real danger, except to itself.

Europe lacks the political power to enforce its venal vision of peace. This is admitted by all. What is not admitted, however, is that Europe also lacks the moral credibility even to have put it forth. An annotated account of the Venice Declaration makes this clear.

Article II: The nine member states of the European Economic Community consider that traditional ties and common interests which link Europe to the Middle East oblige them to play a special role. . . .
For "traditional ties," c.f. imperialism; for "common interests," c.f. oil.

Article V: The necessary guarantees for a peace settlement should be provided by the United Nations. . . . [T]he nine declare that they are prepared to participate in a system of concrete and binding international guarantees. . . .
For UN guarantees, c.f. Sinai, June 1967, and the UN zionism is racism resolution of 1974; for British and French guarantees, c.f. Czechoslovakia, 1938.

Article IX: The nine stress the need for Israel to put an end to the territorial occupation. . . .
For the British position on outside advice about occupations, c.f. American politicians' comments on northern Ireland.

Article X: The nine consider that only the renunciation of force or the threatened use of force by all the parties can create a climate of confidence. . . .
For "force," c.f. terror, the Red Brigade, the PLO (Libya, passim).

Secretary of State Muskie reacted to the Venice Declaration by sounding again the keynote of all American foreign policy: it could have been worse. Muskie admired the document for what it omitted; there was no call for a Palestinian state. But the declaration, which opined that the PLO should be "associated" with the current peace talks, also omitted any mention of the PLO's savage deeds and stated intentions. The Europeans and their accomplices in the State Department insist upon the justice of the Palestinian cause. For Israel, however, that is not the issue; many Israelis acknowledge the legitimate rights of the Palestinians, and even Menahem Begin did so when he signed the Camp David accords. What matter for Israel, rather, are the plans of the Palestinian leadership. Some say that these plans have changed, that they no longer consist in a wish to erase the Jewish state. But Israel requires proof, and there is no proof. The Europeans require none; they endorse the PLO even as the PLO abandons all its pretty pretenses to political maturity. "The Palestinian people is in no need of a political statement or initiative to determine its destiny," said Arafat. "The destiny of the Palestinian people is determined by the gun of the Palestinian revolutionary." Last week Al Fatah announced its wish to "liquidate the Zionist entity." This "moderate" organization cannot even bring itself to call the Jewish state by its name, but Europe would bring it to the bargaining table.

Israel will not be budged except by a change on the other side. There will be no change on the other side unless the Americans and the Europeans press for it. There will be no pressure for it until the oil habit is overcome. The dangerous deadlock over the West Bank and Gaza originates not in Israel's settlement policy, but in the West's energy policy. The European community tried hard to dress up its capitulation to crude in the misery of the Palestinian people, but its motives are plain. Begin, properly enraged, need not have invoked the SS and Vichy; the Venice Declaration is its own disgrace.

White House Watch
Aloft With Carter

The President had shucked his suit jacket and seemed to the small group of reporters traveling with him on Air Force One to be relaxed, in good spirits, as he strolled from his forward compartment to the rear section during a flight on June 10 from the west coast to Washington after his tour of areas devastated by the Mount St. Helens volcanic eruption. He should have stayed to himself, as he usually does in flight. Leaning against a shelf beside the airplane galley, in 40 minutes of easy question-answer chatter, Carter did himself no discernible good and considerable harm.

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At a White House briefing the next day Press Secretary Jody Powell worked hard to put a good face on the President's sudden reversal of his refusal to debate independent candidate John Anderson. Powell tried to shift emphasis from Carter's simple turnabout—the latest of several that had enhanced the President's growing reputation for uncertainty and inconsistency—to a concern that "the question of who debates whom was becoming a bigger subject of debate than the substantive issues." Carter had mentioned that concern in passing, but his major thrust aloft had been that he might be willing to debate Anderson after all, perhaps along with other minor candidates, provided that he had "a one-on-one debate" with Ronald Reagan. Forgetful reporters helped the shift along with accounts indicating that the change was from what "the White House," meaning Carter spokesmen, had previously said for the President. It was from what Carter had said for himself. To visiting editors and on a Sunday TV panel show, he had said that he wasn't interested in picking independent candidates for debate and, in the persons of Anderson and Reagan, debating "two Republicans." He seemed to nail down the refusal by saying "This is my judgment. I am going to stick to it." It was evident from polls and widespread comment that this stance, along with an effort to block Anderson from state ballots wherever possible, was helping Anderson and hurting Carter. It soon became evident that Carter hurt himself still more by not sticking to his original refusal.

Carter in the airborne press conference further demonstrated his talent for dumping himself into avoidable morasses. The President noted that he had worked with his new secretary of state, Edmund Muskie, on a Muskie speech restating the bases of Middle East policy and anticipating the resumption of negotiations between Israel and Egypt. In this context a reporter casually asked whether Carter had seen Muskie on a TV show the previous Sunday, being "very conciliatory toward the Clark mission." The reference was to the appearance of former attorney general Ramsey Clark and nine other Americans at the Tehran spectacular devised and financed by the Iranian government to allege and dramatize "American crimes" against Iran during the reign of exiled shah Reza Pahlavi. Full appreciation of Carter's response to the reporter's remark that what Muskie said "sort of suggested that you weren't going to go ahead on prosecuting Clark" requires some preparation.

The legal and constitutional grounds for restricting the travel of Americans are extremely muddy. First off, there is no explicit US law clearly authorizing the government or a President to forbid foreign travel by Americans. There are laws dating from 1926 that may be read to forbid the use of US passports in foreign travel considered by the federal government to be against national interests. Court interpretations have so clouded these statutes that the government and recently President Carter must rely principally on the International Emergency Economic Powers Act of 1977. It authorizes the President to restrict or forbid the use of money and financial transactions in the course of travel considered to be involved in "any unusual and extraordinary threat . . . to the national security, foreign policy or economy of the United States." The President relies upon the Treasury Department to investigate possible violations, upon the State Department to apply any restrictions on the use of US passports, and upon the Justice Department to prosecute violations reported to it by Treasury and State. The convention is that the President leaves to the attorney general and his subordinates decisions as to whether reported travel calls for prosecution. A State Department regulation requires the specific validation of outstanding US passports for travel to Iran, but it's possible to go there without validation. Ramsey Clark and the others in his party did not apply for validation and went without it.

On April 17 the President in an executive order invoked the Emergency Economic Powers Act's prohibitions against monetary and other transactions connected with travel to Iran. These included both the expenditure and the acceptance of funds for such travel. On May 30 Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti said he had "received reports that some Americans may be planning to travel to Iran." The "some Americans" were Clark and the others. Civiletti reminded them of the April 17 executive order, said that violations could be punished by 10 years in prison and fines up to $50,000, and also said their passports must be "validated for Iran by the Department of State." The Justice Department renewed the reminder on June 2 and said it was "cooperating with State and Treasury on this matter." On June 7, when Clark and his companions were in Tehran, Civiletti said in a formal statement that Treasury was investigating "prohibited transactions connected with recent travel by Americans to Iran" and added that any criminal or civil proceedings would be brought under the Emergency Economic Powers Act. As if anticipating what was soon to come, Civiletti also said: "*All decisions with regard to this matter will be made in accordance with regular Department of Justice litigation standards.*"

Muskie, answering a question on TV, had said that travel to Iran had been restricted "principally because we are concerned about the safety of Americans" and that "the purpose of the policy is not to punish people who violate it but to prevent people from going." With a display of the sort of meanness that he's lately tended to indulge, Carter said on Air Force One: "I don't think Ed Muskie has any legal responsibility for determining who to prosecute or not to prosecute. I do have some responsibility, working through the attorney general, and my own inclination is to enforce my directive, which I presume to be legal, and when people violate it, to see that an appropriate punishment is levied." Foreign policy is involved in this matter and it is of

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course within Muskie's responsibility. The President waddled even further into the attorney general's area of judgment when he said at the beginning of his answer on the airplane:

"My inclination is, within the bounds of the law, to go ahead and prosecute both Clark and the others who went against my directive, which was legal. My presumption is that the attorney general will make a decision on whether that should be to seek civil penalties or criminal penalties. I would guess civil penalties would be more appropriate. . . ."

Question: "But you think it would be a civil case?"

Carter: "I am not trying to make that decision. I just surmise that that might be the best of the two options."

The third option is not to prosecute. Carter did not mention it.

Although the circumstances were different, Treasury officials were embarrassed by a coincidental request for a travel license for Leonard Boudin, a New York and Washington lawyer who has litigated important right-to-travel cases. He is an attorney for the Central Bank of Iran. Last month he applied for and received State Department validation of his passport for travel to Iran between May 28 and June 26. He is convinced that the Treasury is stalling and that the State Department will extend his validation if necessary. Boudin represented clients in cases in which the US Supreme Court in 1952 and 1958 recognized that travel is a constitutional right and may be restricted only in the most narrow terms and limited circumstances. In the 1958 case, Boudin drew liberally upon congressional testimony by Philip Heymann, then a State Department lawyer and now the assistant attorney general for criminal matters. Heymann testified that the federal authority to restrict foreign travel is very limited indeed. He is the principal assistant reviewing the Ramsey Clark affair for Civiletti.

John Osborne

On the Hill

Borin' Orrin

Orrin G. Hatch, Republican of Utah, is a zealous US senator who works hard at conveying his right-wing message. When the spirit moves him, though, Hatch admits to inserting into his tape deck a cassette containing "The Ballad of Joe Hill," preferably sung in the resonant bass of Paul Robeson, a man with whom Orrin Hatch would not have had much in common. Unlike, say, Nixon viewing *Patton* before the invasion of Cambodia, Hatch seems to draw his inspiration from negative images. Playing the Joe Hill tape is one way to get psyched up before a big day of battle with organized labor and the other forces of evil he sees lurking in the US Senate. Orrin Hatch insists that Joe Hill actually was guilty of the murder for which he was executed in Salt Lake City in 1915.

Orrin Hatch is a onetime union lathe operator who literally seemed to crawl out of his woodwork and under liberals' skin before anyone knew what was happening. In 1969 Hatch decided to move with his family out to Utah from their home in Pittsburgh. In 1976, as an unknown trial lawyer with no experience in politics, he filed on the last possible day as a candidate for the Republican nomination for the Senate, picked up Ronald Reagan's endorsement, and went on to win the primary and beat Democratic incumbent Frank Moss on an anti-Washington theme. In 1978 Hatch led the filibuster that killed the Labor Law Reform Bill, and he soon emerged as a potent force on the ascendent new right in the Senate.

He is not the first conservative to take to the Senate floor with worries about US "surrender and appeasement" and concern over whether "America is going the way of Rome" (both comments on the Panama Canal treaty). Nor will he be the last, on either side of the aisle, to use the gentlemanly Senate as a place to land heavy blows.

What's different about Hatch and the strident conservatives he represents is that their reach extends farther and in more directions than that of their less numerous right-wing forebears. Hatch's right hook may have come out of nowhere but it has enormous staying power. His tenacious and often interminable jabbing drives some colleagues to distraction ("Borin' Orrin," they call him), but no one underestimates his resourcefulness. Of the 12 or 13 senators who make up the Senate's new right shock troops, Hatch is probably the most skillful. "He's the smartest of them in terms of understanding the new communications politics of the 1980s," says Richard Viguerie, the right-wing direct mail wizard. "He knows how to plow more than one row at once."

Hatch has a way of getting under the skin of his enemies. In one late night session of the Senate Budget Committee recently, Hatch so nettled Chairman Edmund Muskie that Muskie exploded in anger, calling Hatch "paranoid" and "conspiratorial" for his criticism of certain staff-prepared military charts. The soon-to-be secretary of state was madder than some Senate aides had ever seen him, which is saying something. In a later session, while condemning the Congressional Budget Office for ignoring supply-side economic models, Hatch made public a confidential memo sent to Muskie by the committee's staff director. The point of

Coming:

The Volunteer Army In Trouble.

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drawing by Vint Lawrence

writing—took Ronald Dworkin to task for his support of the Supreme Court decision in the *Weber* affirmative action case. The senator wrote that "the blatancy of his [Dworkin's] position is a symptom of the decay of American liberalism." In all, only one group of progressives was found worthy of Hatch's praise on the issue of quotas, the American Civil Liberties Union, which he said submitted briefs on behalf of both Allan Bakke and Brian Weber. The fact that Hatch's foray into enemy territory was not entirely successful (the ACLU, it turns out, filed briefs *against* Bakke and Weber) hardly detracts from the effort.

But Hatch really pours on the coal when the subject turns to economics. All of a sudden Harvard, the oldest bogeyman of them all, has a certain cachet for right-wingers. When Hatch and his cohorts take to the Senate floor to extol the virtues of supply-side economics, some Harvard conference or "distinguished professor of economics" often is mentioned. Hatch may know Otto Eckstein better than the economic forecaster knows the senator ("Who's Orrin Hatch?" Eckstein asked by phone from Cambridge), but Eckstein's decision to emerge from the closet and confess certain supply-side sentiments is welcome news to a politician who bemoans ad nauseum "the reeling, drunk-in-the-gutter Keynesian economics we have had for the last 30 years." Hatch doesn't care that the Chase Manhattan Bank accuses many conservatives of "simplistic evangelism" in using the bank's supply-side models to advocate Kemp-Roth style tax cuts. He continues to invoke Chase Econometrics, and he knows he's making progress with other establishment institutions which in the past have tended to endorse the traditional William Simon/Arthur Burns approach.

In early May, Hatch rose on the Senate floor to suggest that Paul Craig Roberts, a *Wall Street Journal* editorial writer, be the first person inducted into a Tax Revolt Hall of Fame, which Hatch says he envisions on the Mall amid the Smithsonian buildings. "My definition of revolution is Dr. Roberts and a typewriter," he intoned. Roberts's bronzed typewriter presumably would sit between a Howard Jarvis Winged Victory and Jack Kemp's shoulder pads.

The most sobering thing about Hatch's whole magic show is that he actually believes in it. In his work on the Budget Committee he has no problem squaring massive tax cuts with increased spending and a balanced budget. The idea, of course, is that the tax cuts will spur enough productivity and expansion to increase tax revenue and allow everyone to live happily ever after. In the meantime, Hatch helped draft a constitutional amendment to balance the budget,

the memo was simple: "Hatch consistently puts himself beyond the pale by his attitude and accusations." In the middle of the session, as Hatch held forth, Muskie simply got up and left the room. Hatch just stepped up his attack on the CBO.

He later told Muskie, after voting in favor of his nomination as secretary of state, that he hoped his resistance prepared Muskie for Brzezinski.

Though he tends to be wooden and humorless, with neither Goldwater's rough-hewn appeal nor Buckley's brains, it is Hatch, well groomed and articulate, who best represents the rock-ribbed right's long reach for eastern intellectual respectability. Nowadays that seems to mean going beyond the American Enterprise Institute and the neoconservative journals all the way to something like the *New York Review of Books*, a publication any self-respecting right-winger of the past would have barked at, or just ignored. But there in the May 15 issue was Orrin Hatch participating in "an exchange" on "How to Read the Civil Rights Act." Hatch—or the staffer who might have done the actual

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which in March missed being reported out of the Judiciary Committee by only one vote. If the amendment somehow was to become part of the Constitution, Hatch, Kemp, Reagan, et al. might find themselves in the peculiar position of supporting a policy—massive tax cuts—which in the short run unquestionably would unbalance Congress's budget and prove unconstitutional. The potential in all of this for some serious petard-hoisting is enormous.

It isn't easy for conservatives to play the role of strict constructionist anymore, even if, like Hatch, they subscribe to a religious doctrine (in this case Mormon) that suggests the Constitution was divinely inspired. The trick is to play both sides of the fence. This is a strategy which Hatch, as an active member of the Subcommittee on the Constitution, uses more regularly than most. Tradition doesn't get in the way of banning unbalanced budgets or legal abortions, but an amendment to give residents of the District of Columbia full voting rights is fair game for a filibuster because it "disfigur[es] the Constitution." So is the Equal Rights Amendment, which Hatch views as destructive of the American family and repetitious of other clauses in the Constitution. In July 1979 he introduced a bill designed to emphasize Congress's intention to provide equal employment opportunities regardless of race, color, religion, sex, or national origin. The bill's crucial phrase read: "and we mean it this time."

Another thing Hatch really does mean this time is the so-called "sagebrush rebellion," an effort by westerners to take back some of the massive acreage owned by the federal government. "Can you not imagine how the Bureau of Land Management district managers might be likened to the sheriff of Nottingham or colonial magistrates?" Hatch asks. He has introduced legislation which would provide a way for vast tracts of federal land to be turned over to the states—a move tantamount to development. The bill is going nowhere.

The same cannot be said for Hatch's sustained attack on organized labor. He is probably the number one right-to-work backer in the Senate, having taken the lead against unions on everything from labor law reform to the minimum wage. Recently he filibustered long and hard against the nomination of William Lubbers as general counsel to the National Labor Relations Board. The challenge, mounted on the grounds that Lubbers's long-standing relationship with the NRB's liberal chairman would prevent the counsel's independence, was one of those issues that never would have arisen in the Senate only a few years ago. More such issues are on the way, though, and if the Republicans take control of the Senate in 1982 (see "While Democrats Sleep," *TNR*, April 19), Hatch will become chairman of the Senate Committee on Labor and Human Resources, a chilling thought not only for labor but for the social service advocates frequently subjected to his perorations on the evils of the welfare state.

Hatch's anti-labor role is a curious one, given his 10-year membership in the AFL-CIO's Wood, Wire, and Metal Lather's Union and his early worship of Franklin Roosevelt. Still, he plays the Whittaker Chambers part well, confessing to a gradual but dramatic transformation. "I was raised as a liberal Democrat but at a certain point I made a conscious decision that they were leading our country down the primrose path toward economic destruction and that I was going to do something about it," he says, echoing his close friend Reagan.

In a book called *A Changing America*, written by seven conservative senators looking toward the 1980s, Hatch outlines some of the economic thinking that could dominate a Reagan administration's attitude toward unions. Workers, he writes, have the right to form unions voluntarily, but they don't really need to do so. "Labor is a commodity and wages are the price of the commodity," he explains. Consequently, "if wages are low, and employers are making high profits, other employers will move in, increasing the demand for labor. Employers will bid against each other for workers, and wages will move up."

It is unclear whether Hatch really believes that this is "the way the world works," to quote the title of a book by his friend Jude Wanniski. He must realize that even the free market ox gets gored sometimes. The invisible hand works fine for Hatch when it comes to baiting unions and slashing all sorts of social welfare programs. But the theories don't work so well when it's time to vote in the Budget Committee in favor of tobacco subsidies. As a Mormon, Hatch doesn't smoke, and Utah grows no tobacco; the vote came as part of one of those political deals conservatives spend a lot of time attacking. Hatch's public explanation—that subsidies keep farmers off welfare—didn't seem to carry much weight with him a couple of years ago when he led Senate opposition to the Humphrey-Hawkins Full Employment Bill, which was also designed to keep people off welfare.

The anti-spending mentality has rendered most members of Congress vulnerable to charges of hypocrisy, but none more than the hard-line conservatives who harp on the theme. Hatch is one of those senators who revels in taking a machete to the domestic budget, but when the Senate voted recently on whether to eliminate $500 million earmarked for pork-barrel water projects, he couldn't quite bring himself to cut the fat. The one billion dollar Central Utah Project, completely indefensible economically, was just too important politically.

The parade of inconsistencies takes a fairly obvious path. Hatch says "strangulating" federal regulation is responsible for what ails the American auto industry, forgetting that if auto manufacturers had not been required to build fuel-efficient cars, most would still be making only the kinds of gas-guzzlers that caused import problems in the first place. He says government-funded abortions are not only immoral

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but enormously expensive: "There is a remarkable similarity between those who believe in abortion and those who are spending us into bankruptcy." Hatch may not know it, but preventing unwanted pregnancies saves untold millions in welfare payments. Legalized abortion is the main reason Reagan was able to cut welfare rolls and look so good as governor of California.

Oddly, Hatch would prefer not to be described as a right-wing conservative—in the recent flap over Bill Brock's continued presence as head of the Republican National Committee, Hatch sided with moderates in urging Reagan to keep Brock for the time being. He prefers instead the term "eclectic," hardly the first label that comes to mind when Utah's residents think of their senator.

But in Washington this fits in nicely with the right wing's curious new game: bury old prejudices, write no one off. Over on the House side, conservative representatives recently saw a liberal budget resolution they detested come up on the House floor, but they voted "present" because it was put forward by the Congressional Black Caucus. Blacks, union rank and file, readers of the *New York Review of Books*—why can't everyone be a right-winger? Hatch and his friends ponder that question. The positions they hold have not changed. If anything, the new right-wingers are further to the right than some of their predecessors. What's changed is that the Orrin Hatches of the Senate truly believe history is on their side.

Jonathan Alter

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Politics

The South Falls Again

It was April of 1977, a warm spring night, and the party was like nothing so much as a good ole southern college bash: Smokey Robinson on the stereo, beer kegs in the back yard, and espadrilles everywhere. Only this was Washington, not UNC or Ole Miss, and the nice-looking young men and women moving to "Tracks of My Tears" were now running the government of these United States. As a southerner and a Carter partisan that was fine by me, and I laughed with appreciation when a friend of mine with a West Wing office and President Jimmy's ear put his arm around me and said with a grin, "Now we're finally going to show those eastern S.O.B.s how the south can run this country!"

Well, three and a half years later it looks like they did. Oh yes. It only stands to reason, I suppose, that the area of the country with the most to gain from a Carter success would suffer the most from a Carter failure. For the south, particularly the Democratic south, the Carter presidency has been one rip-roaring disaster.

It is difficult now, four years after Carter captured the Democratic nomination, to recall the spirit of hope that swept the south in 1976. So many of us were convinced that it was finally time for the south to rise and assume its rightful place as leader, not stepchild, but leader of this land. And it was not merely a conviction born of the fact that J.C. was from the south; by God, the Democratic nominee for president was bragging about his southernness. Jimmy Carter has faced the world saying, "Yes, I am a southerner and because of that I have distinct attributes that make me *more* qualified to be president than a non-southerner." This was a man whose official campaign autobiography announced, "I am a Southerner and an American. I am a farmer. . . ." During Carter's first year in office the *Wall Street Journal* observed that the new president was "obsessed with demonstrating that Southerners, especially his Georgians, are capable of running a government so long dominated by Yankees." That same year, in the summer of 1977, he would host a town meeting in Yazoo City, Mississippi, and declare, "I am proud to be an American, but I am more proud to be a southerner." Amen.

Now after Bert Lance and Cocaine Ham, after "I'll never lie to you" has become "OPEC is the cause of inflation," after "the limited success" of the Iran raid has helped create a "more manageable crisis," it is hard to think of our southern savior with anything but regret, embarrassment, and deep sadness. Carter has served only to confirm the worst fears of the south: that southerners are naive and out of touch, that southerners are none too bright, that southerners can't hack it in the big league. It is an absurd image, of course. But when the president of the United States sends a University of Georgia frat boy dressed in a false moustache and wig to negotiate the end to an international crisis, it is difficult not to feel like Al Capp is in charge and Li'l Abner has seized power.

Four years ago Jim Oakley, editor and publisher of the Centreville, Alabama, *Press*, was briefly in the national spotlight when the *Press* became the first deep south newspaper to endorse Carter after the convention. Coming on the heels of Carter's selection of liberal Walter Mondale, Oakley's move was seen as an indication that the deep south would stick. Today, Jim Oakley is worried about the effects of the Carter legacy. "I'd hoped that Carter would make people want to look to the south for new politicians. I guess like a lot of people I'd like to think my kids could grow up and be part of national politics, but after this Carter thing it's going to be a tough row to hoe." His choice in November is indictment enough of the Carter presidency: "This year I'm going Reagan all the way. We've got to have some kind of change."

For the Democratic party in the south, President Jimmy's reign is a story of lost opportunities and shattered unity. It is an amazing story with an

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important chapter yet to be written come November, but I, for one, am willing to bet the farm that Carter's greatly heralded southern base will come through—for Ronald Reagan. If Texas, Louisiana, and Mississippi, all won in 1976 by the narrowest of margins, are lost by Carter, it will be a defeat of great irony directly attributable to the surprising neglect by Carter's renowned political operative. The Carter camp, amazingly enough, has failed to capitalize on the unequaled opportunity it had in 1976 to rebuild the Democratic party in the south after 16 years of domination by Republicans and George Wallace in presidential politics.

Take Alabama, for instance. Alabama, that good Democratic state which delivered 72.4 percent for Nixon in 1972, 65.8 percent for Wallace in 1968, and 69.5 percent for Barry Goldwater in 1964. In 1976 Carter carried the state with 55.7 percent of the vote. One would have expected the Carterites to do all that they could to help strengthen the national ties of the state party. But not so. As Don Siegelman, Alabama's young secretary of state, says, "The Carter people simply didn't have a sense of what the party could mean to them. We haven't heard a word from the White House in three years. It's unbelievable. Carter and those Georgians have no sense of party politics, of the role the party should play, whether it's in Alabama or on the Hill. It's no wonder the administration has such a poor legislative track record."

The Mississippi party has fared even worse. Realizing that the state Democratic party was losing its base of white middle-class support, newly elected governor William Winter, a staunch Carter supporter, recently moved to replace the 10-year-old arrangement of dual white and black co-chairmen with a single white chairman. With his outstanding 20-year record of civil rights leadership, Winter's motivation is purely political. He realizes that the state party is in shambles and must attract middle-class whites if it is to emerge as an effective force. Obviously paramount is his desire to carry the state for Carter, as indicated by his selection of Danny Cupit, Carter's 1976 state campaign chief, as the new chairman. Unfortunately, Winter's effort has created a crisis in the state party that threatens to explode on the national convention floor with potentially devastating results for Carter.

In protest of Winter's move, blacks have refused to accept any leadership positions in the state party and have taken their case to the judiciary and credentials committees. Thus the Carter camp is faced with the prospect of a black-white floor fight with white Carter supporters Winter and Cupit sure to emerge as the "heavies" in the eyes of the national media. One does not need much imagination to picture the potential damage of a black walk-out in protest of a Carter-supported, white-led Mississippi delegation. After four years of southern domination of the national party, the Mississippi Democratic party is in worse shape than it was during the Ford years.

The Carter camp's failure to solidify its party base in the south has been a cause of rejoicing among southern Republicans. As Lanny Griffith, executive director of the Mississippi Republican party, says, "In 1975 when I saw Carter and realized he could go all the way, it scared me to death. I think he could have absolutely crushed the rise of Republicanism in the south. But now," he adds with a grin, "Carter has given southerners a reason to vote Republican like never before." Griffith sees the past four years as a lasting plus for Republicans. "Look at it this way," Griffith concludes, "if Carter can't carry the south for the Democrats, who can?" Not surprisingly, Griffith predicts a Reagan win in Mississippi. "We lost by less than 14,000 votes in 1976 with Jerry Ford. You don't think Reagan's going to do better in the state Goldwater carried with 82 percent?"

Indeed. The only hope for Carter is a massive black turnout on the scale of 1976. But as civil rights leader and Carter supporter Aaron Henry notes, "It's not likely to happen. I'm with Carter because, as a party leader [Henry was one of the co-chairmen unseated by Winter], I think it's wrong to challenge an incumbent president. But I'd be lying to you if I told you there was much enthusiasm for Carter. Southern blacks still like him, but the old fire just isn't there." Will a Reagan threat scare them to the polls? "It should," Henry says with a sigh, "but I don't know of a single instance on the national level of blacks turning out to vote *against* anyone, not even Nixon. Carter will get 90 percent of the black vote, but what happens if 50 percent don't vote?" President Reagan, that's what.

The lack of enthusiasm Henry notes is rooted in a restless disappointment among southern blacks. It would appear that for various reasons, blacks from the south identified more with and expected more from Carter than any president in modern history. Understandably, more than a few seem to have been caught by surprise when the president they'd placed their trust in announced, "Government cannot solve our problems. It can't define our vision. Government cannot eliminate poverty, or provide a bountiful economy, or reduce inflation, or save our cities, or cure illiteracy, or provide energy." As Arthur Schlesinger has noted in these pages, the above is a perfect summary of conservative philosophy. Not surprisingly, some blacks, like Montgomery city councilman Mark Gilmore, have decided they'd prefer an old-time conservative to a born-again one.

"I'll back Reagan over Carter," says Councilman Gilmore, "though Kennedy was my first choice." Gilmore, one of the first blacks elected to the Montgomery City Council, believes that Carter has deeply damaged the political fortunes of southern blacks. "We believed in Carter and really turned out for him. Now everybody feels let down. I think it's turned off a lot of blacks to politics in general, particularly the young ones." He explains his support of Reagan this

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way: "Carter has taken to sounding worse than Reagan, so why not give Reagan a try? At least he'd bring in new people."

It is a remarkable indication of Carter's failure that two southerners, Jim Oakley and Mark Gilmore, of wildly different backgrounds, one white, one black, one a former Wallace supporter, the other pulling for Kennedy, express many of the same feelings of regret. At the heart of it is a deep-seated awareness of lost opportunities, of what the first southern president in over 100 years could have meant to his home region. A White House aide from the south sums it up rather ruefully: "With Carter we finally got aboard the train only to learn that the engineer was going to spend the next four years explaining why we couldn't leave the station."

Talking to die-hard southern Carter supporters these days is something of a nostalgic experience, reminding one of another time and another election. Only it's not 1976, it's 1972, and the words once used to defend Nixon now come back in support of Jimmy: "It's a tough job and I don't think anybody could have done better. Sure, he's not perfect, but I think we ought to be loyal. Who else are you going to support?" But the threat of a less desirable alternative is the last defense of a failed administration.

So let's face it. We loved him and worked for him, we tried and tried to believe because we wanted so badly for him to prove that the south did have those special qualities, that a southerner could show those eastern S.O.B.s how to run this country. And someday another southerner will. But not this one. Not James Earl Carter of Plains.

Stuart Stevens

Stuart Stevens is a Washington political consultant.

Register opinions, not lobbyists.

One Reform Too Many

How often do you find the Chamber of Commerce and Ralph Nader arm in arm, or the National Rifle Association and the National Coalition to Ban Handguns in harmonious agreement, or the National Association of Manufacturers and the Sierra Club working hand in glove? Not very, and when you do there's bound to be a good reason. Lately all of these organizations (and dozens more) have been working against the latest version of a proposal to expand the regulation of congressional lobbying. The original version was drafted by Common Cause, which often works with other organizations but in this case has managed to alienate almost all of its traditional allies. The proposal was supposed to be the last of the grand reforms of the post-Watergate era, but unlike its predecessors it has failed repeatedly to win congressional approval. This year, however, the House has passed one version of the bill, and the Senate plans to consider another, tougher one next week.

The bill's proponents think Congress needs sturdier barriers to insulate it from the supposedly corrupting effects of lobbying. They regard the current lobbying law as toothless, a relic of an earlier period (1946) when the average citizen was less alert to the dangers of moneyed influence thwarting the democratic process. The current law imposes only modest registration and reporting requirements on lobbyists, and enforcement is minimal. Common Cause and other proponents of a new law think the public interest requires knowing almost everything there is to know about who is lobbying, how they're going about it, and how much money they're spending. Thousands of groups, many of them operating on shoestring budgets, would have to file detailed reports of their activities if a broad new law is passed. An organization would have to register if it spent as much as $5000 a quarter on lobbying and made contact with a government official (including executive officials as well as members of Congress and their aides) on as many as 13 separate days during the period. It also would have to report the names of any organizations (particularly businesses) contributing $3000 or more. Unlike the old law, the new one would be backed up by stiff fines (up to $100,000) for each knowing violation. (Past bills included criminal sanctions as well, but those have been dropped.) These "threshold" requirements, which are very low by the standards of Washington lobbyists, will extend regulation to thousands of organizations, many of which may be only peripherally concerned with lobbying.

The Constitution, of course, protects the right to petition the government, but if Common Cause and its allies have their way, that right will be harder and more expensive to exercise. There can be no doubt that passage of the Senate bill, which is sponsored by Democrat Lawton Chiles, will discourage some groups from making their views known on Capitol Hill. Small, poor lobby groups may be unable to afford to stay in business. The Sierra Club has estimated that compliance with one previous proposal would have cost it an additional quarter of a million dollars a year. NAM suggests it would have to spend three times as much time meeting the reporting requirements as it does now. But large, well-financed groups like these should be able to meet these higher costs. It is those who are already starved for money—those who least resemble the venal fat cats of popular mythology—who will be pressed the hardest by the stricter rules.

The most objectionable of the proposed changes is a requirement that lobby groups report all "solicitations"—efforts to encourage their members to make their views known to Congress. (This provision in the Chiles bill was removed by the Governmental Affairs

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Committee, but stands a good chance of being restored on the Senate floor.) Even if there are dangers in the practice of hired lobbyists pressing their views on members of Congress, there is none at all in an organization trying to get ordinary voters stirred up about issues they care about. The supposed danger of traditional lobbying, after all, is that it frustrates the will of the voters back home. But the whole point of these solicitations is to make sure members of Congress are aware of their constituents' preferences. This provision is aimed at well-organized groups like the National Rifle Association, which owe their success precisely to their members' willingness to write their representatives. One does not have to agree with the NRA's goals to recognize that the best response to its success is not to stifle its members but to meet its well-organized opposition to gun control with well-organized support for it. The solicitation provision discourages exactly the sort of use of the democratic process that Congress should encourage.

The potential for abuse of the proposed law is great. If the comptroller general thinks it likely that an organization has misrepresented something on its reports, the attorney general can be invited to investigate. The problem is that such an investigation could place the affected organization in a highly vulnerable position. David Landau of the ACLU worries that President Reagan could easily use a minor infraction by Landau's organization as an excuse for demanding its entire membership list, which the government now cannot get. If the Nixon administration, for example, had been able to get hold of the ACLU membership list, it could have made life unpleasant for thousands of members—or at the very least, given them cause for worry. "The Carter people say 'You can trust us,'" says Landau. "Sure, we trust them. But they're not going to be there forever, and we might not trust whoever replaces them." Nor is it inconceivable that the comptroller general (an officer of Congress) might use the enforcement authority to harass organizations he or congressional leaders dislike.

Then there are some constitutional problems which may invalidate the bill even if it becomes law. Traditionally the Supreme Court has been reluctant to regulate First Amendment rights unless there is a clear abuse to be remedied, which the advocates of lobby law reform have not specified. Parts of the 1946 act, in fact, were struck down. The Court ruled that Congress could regulate only direct lobbying, and only that done by organizations whose principal purpose was lobbying—rulings that could doom some of the provisions in the Chiles bill. Even the disclosure requirements may be unconstitutional. In a decision striking down several parts of the 1974 Federal Election Campaign Act, the Court stressed that "compelled disclosure, in itself, can seriously infringe on privacy of association and belief guaranteed by the first amendment." It upheld the FECA disclosure rules only because it found a clear pattern of corruption involving campaign contributions. The evils that will be cured by the lobby act, by contrast, so far amount to nothing more than vague suspicions. The usual abuses associated with lobbying, such as bribery and influence peddling, already are illegal.

Besides its constitutional problems, the proposed lobby reform has a lot in common with the 1974 election law and other celebrated reforms. Like the election law, this one will discourage political participation in the name of cleaning up politics and opening it up to public scrutiny. The reporting that would have to be done under this law wouldn't tell Congress very much it doesn't already know. As the *New York Times* recently editorialized, "If Congressmen cannot distinguish between private mail from constituents and an organized barrage of letters from the National Rifle Association and Common Cause, they're probably in the wrong line of work." Anyone working or lobbying on Capitol Hill usually has no trouble figuring out how different lobby groups are spending their time and money. But all the new rules would make the life of legislators easier by shutting off some of the efforts of constituents to be heard. They probably would increase the influence of those lobbyists who loom large in populist demonology, since they should have no trouble complying. If the problem with lobbyists is that they frustrate democracy, then what is needed is more democracy. This proposal promises less.

Stephen Chapman

Peace at hand in Afghanistan?

Soviet Maneuvers

If you want to put a Soviet diplomat on the defensive, ask him how things are in Afghanistan. "Oh, fine, fine," his reply is likely to be, with the strained smile of one whose wife has just run off to New York with the latest defecting Bolshoi star. When the question comes from an official of a Warsaw Pact nation, the Soviet will grumble—and it is noted that the grumbling has become more ominous recently—that the East European people's democracies are not doing their share of the work in Afghanistan. He draws a parallel with the reluctance of NATO countries to line up behind the United States on the Iranian crisis. "But our relations are different, of course," the Russian adds sharply. To which his ally is quick to join, "Of course, of course."

New evidence that the Russians have overextended themselves in Afghanistan continues to crop up. As of June, up to 1000 Afghan rebel cadres are being trained in guerrilla warfare in China. In addition, a score or so of Chinese of Moslem Turkoman stock are advising

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anti-government insurgents in Afghanistan itself, and hundreds more are working with Afghan refugees across the border in Pakistan. This US intelligence assessment is readily confirmed by a knowledgeable Soviet diplomat in Washington.

"The Chinese are not showing any restraint," he snapped. "They have nothing to lose in Afghanistan. They want to stir up trouble and they are out to torpedo any political solution we may reach with Pakistan, Iran, and the United States." According to the Soviet source, the Pakistanis, afraid of India, would like to settle their differences with the Soviet Union but have not found the right formula; the Iranians, "who have an unfinished revolution in their hands," have been indecisive; the West Europeans are interested; and the Americans, with Jimmy Carter "unable to rid himself of Brzezinski's philosophy," are too preoccupied with the election campaign to accept or reject China's strategy of surrounding the Soviet Union with trouble spots. "We'll have to wait until after November 4," the Soviet diplomat said, "then we'll do business either with a Carter administration that has learned its lessons, or better yet, with Henry Kissinger"—the gleam in the Russian's eyes was undiplomatic—"invited back to his old job by Ronald Reagan."

The United States apparently has adopted a cautious wait-and-see position vis-à-vis assistance to the Afghan insurgents. While there has been no let-up in the rhetoric of official sympathy for "the fiercely independent Afghanis" and admiration for their "deeply held religious beliefs," Washington has not complied with requests for large-scale supplies of missiles and other sophisticated US-made equipment against tanks and helicopters. Terming the issue "extremely sensitive," US spokesmen have neither confirmed nor denied press reports on supplies of US arms.

Whatever US-made arms reach the rebels through Pakistan, the Afghanis' main source is China. Egypt too has been training a hundred or so Afghanis and sends a weekly planeload of arms to their bases in Pakistan. Israel is helpful with small quantities of Russian arms captured during the 1967 and 1973 Middle East wars.

My Soviet source didn't want to talk of arms and men. "We are working on a political solution," he kept saying, lest I miss the import of the peace offensive. "We are working on it in many capitals." I respect his word because I have noticed that when he speaks, other Eastern bloc officials listen. "Political solution means," he explained, "the removal of the conditions which led to the necessity of Soviet entry." And what are those conditions? "Outside interference of foreigners in Afghanistan's progress toward socialism," came the prompt response. What about Soviet interference? "It was fraternal assistance, of course," he said sternly. "We couldn't let another socialist regime be defeated by traitors, bandits, and their foreign friends."

He thought Americans were violating an unwritten rule of the superpower relationship by "making a stink" about Russians in Afghanistan when Russian leadership was "most restrained" in reacting to the American war in Vietnam. "But let's not talk about the past," he said. "What is now required is an international conference in which participants—and that could include West Europeans as well as Afghanistan's neighbors—would pledge to end all interference, political and military, in Afghan affairs." The net result? "A departure of Soviet military forces and, of course, the stabilization of Babrak Karmal's government."

In brief, we'll let you accept our conditions, provided you give us help out of the mess we got ourselves into. Afghanistan has been a disappointment. When the Red Army entered that country six months ago, their expectation was another Czechoslovakia: a gradual process of coaxing and forcing Afghanis into collaboration, or at least making them stop working actively against the government—and the recalcitrant minority would be crushed. Instead, the Karmal regime not only has failed to broaden its political base but has narrowed it through feuding within the Communist party and the desertion of civil servants and entire army units.

The original American expectation was another Vietnam: tribal warriors united by ideology and the hatred of foreigners, and supported by fellow believers from across the borders, inflicting heavy and eventually unacceptable casualties on the Russians. But what has happened is a little different: after initial heavy fighting and some 5000 Soviet dead, the Red Army has stopped pouring in more troops, and instead of pacifying villages, has pulled back into defensive positions. For the past two to three months, the Soviets have lost few soliders because the rebels, unable to raise large forces under a unified command, prefer ambushes and sniping to attacks on fortified positions.

Afghanistan is neither Czechoslovakia nor Vietnam. Apart from a Chinese strategy of infiltration that is long rather than short range, the most immediate danger to the pro-Soviet regime is its own divisiveness. The heaviest casualties come from army massacres and air force bombing missions, and the most public form of resistance is a demonstration by schoolchildren and, occasionally, by women.

There is still a possibility that the real target of the Russian invasion was Iran, and that what the Russians did in Afghanistan will somehow help them or their

Coming:

Eugene McCarthy on Aardvarks.

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leftist partners to emerge as the winners of the Iranian revolution. In that case, Americans simultaneously may be summoned to defend the Persian Gulf area and to compose messages thanking communist liberators for releasing the 53 hostages.

Charles Fenyvesi

Charles Fenyvesi is a Washington writer.

Stupid, perhaps, but not felonious.

Travels With Ramsey

Threats of prosecution against another former attorney general are in the air. This time the target is Ramsey Clark, and the Department of Justice, spurred on by the president, is deciding whether to bring Clark to court for his trip to Tehran and his conduct while at a conference on "America's Intervention in Iran." What Clark did was misguided and probably reprehensible. But that is not enough to have made it illegal. Clark knows this perhaps better than many in the Carter administration; as attorney general, he was called upon to deal with an almost identical situation in late 1967.

Jimmy Carter is not the first president in modern history to become enraged at a celebrity's appearance in a foreign country in violation of an official travel ban. During the turmoil over United States involvement in Vietnam in the late days of Lyndon Johnson's presidency, a number of well-known Americans thumbed their noses at the State Department's travel restrictions and went to Hanoi to express their opposition to our foreign policy. None angered LBJ as much as Stokely Carmichael, a leading black activist at the time. Johnson probably believed that his own turnaround on civil rights laws—which resulted in enactment of the Civil Rights Act of 1964—entitled him to the support of the black community. Martin Luther King's doubts about the war were bad enough, but Carmichael's inflammatory rhetoric and the open defiance of the Hanoi visit were salt in the wound.

LBJ was furious over the Carmichael trip and as anxious to throw the book at the traveler as Jimmy Carter now appears to be over prosecuting Ramsey Clark. But Johnson's attorney general then was Ramsey Clark, and Clark told the president that there was no legal basis for prosecuting Carmichael. This did not satisfy Johnson, who kept pressing his attorney general to find a way to do the job.

I was then in the State Department, having been recruited by Nicholas Katzenbach, who had been attorney general (and my boss at the Department of Justice) before Clark. Katzenbach had been shifted to the second highest post in the Department of State by Johnson, who liked and trusted Katzenbach and hoped that he would bring needed precision to the foreign policy process.

Soon after arriving at the State Department, I learned that LBJ also was using Katzenbach to backstop Clark on important legal questions. Johnson apparently did not fully trust Ramsey Clark—who was the beneficiary of LBJ's largesse principally because he was Tom Clark's boy—and he would ask Katzenbach to review judgments reached by Clark. The refusal to prosecute Stokely Carmichael was one call by Clark which LBJ simply would not accept. After trying repeatedly with his incumbent attorney general, Johnson turned to Katzenbach and asked him to develop a legal basis for criminal prosecution.

Katzenbach delegated that task to me. He told me of the president's strong desire to go after Carmichael and asked me to look into conceivable legal grounds for prosecution. I hit the books and worked up proposed criminal charges based upon the much criticized and seldom used "Logan Act" (which, in murky language, prohibits private representation of the United States in foreign policy matters) and under other laws governing use of American passports during foreign travel. Recalling those events today does not fill me with pride. My legal theories were acceptable but shaky, and, in retrospect, it is clear now that it would have been foolish and unsound prosecutorial policy to have filed criminal charges against Carmichael.

My theories of prosecution were read by Katzenbach and sent to LBJ—though, I suspect, with little enthusiasm. Katzenbach said that they were precisely what the president wanted.

There never was a criminal prosecution of Carmichael. Several months later I found myself back in the Justice Department. It was the last year of the Johnson administration, and I had left State to return as a deputy assistant attorney general for civil rights. After a long meeting on a now forgotten subject in the attorney general's office, Clark took me aside as I was halfway out the door. "Now tell the truth," he said. "You couldn't have honestly believed that we should prosecute Stokely Carmichael for traveling to Hanoi. That would have been unconstitutional."

It was plain that my zealous proposals had been the subject of discussion between Johnson and his attorney general, and Clark had refused to pursue a criminal prosecution regardless of the president's strong wishes. As the country's chief law enforcement officer he believed—as he says he does today—that the constitutional right to travel and speak entitled American citizens to visit all foreign countries and even to interfere, by public discussion, with foreign affairs.

Clark's trip and his public pronouncements in Tehran were naive, stupid, and probably harmful to the interests of the American hostages and to our foreign policy goals. But the law the Justice Department is considering invoking against him—the International Emergency Economic Powers Act of 1977—was not

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designed to punish American citizens for their personal travel abroad, even if harmful to national interests. It was enacted to prevent, in instances of "unusual and extraordinary threats," major foreign exchange transactions and foreign transfers of credit. The law authorized the president to block all Iranian assets in the United States, which he did by Executive Order shortly after the hostages were seized—but not to prevent the payment of a private restaurant bill in Tehran. Pursuing Clark and his colleagues under this law would distort the law's purpose.

Beyond the meaning of the 1977 law is a broader question which Ramsey Clark addressed, as attorney general, in 1968: does the Constitution permit the United States to brand as a felon and seek to imprison a citizen who deliberately travels to a foreign country with which we are at odds and where we officially do not want American citizens to go?

Ramsey Clark, as attorney general a dozen years ago, took the correct and lawful position even if he had no idea then that the question might one day affect him so personally.

Nathan Lewin

How not to make national policy.

In The Family's Way

by Diane Ravitch

One predictable result of the White House Conference on Families, which is meeting this summer in Baltimore, Minneapolis, and Los Angeles, is a growing buzz about the nation's need for a "family policy." America needs a family policy, goes the argument, because the family is "in decline," or because other industrialized nations have one, or because (as President Jimmy Carter once put it) the absence of a family policy is the same thing as an anti-family policy. But if there is one lesson to be learned from the stormy history of the White House Conference on Families, it is that the emergence of a coherent national family policy is not only unlikely, but undesirable as well.

The conference is bringing together people with very different views about what a family is and how government should relate to it. Some state delegations have recommended that prayer be restored in the public schools; or that the media somehow be required to change its portrayal of families, sex, and violence; or that there be a federal curriculum on sexuality and family life in every grade; or that families return to Christian beliefs. Those who want to maintain the privacy of family life can only hope for the failure of all such efforts to invoke public policy to "save" the family.

Much of the present interest in family policy is attributable to Vice President Walter Mondale's advocacy of day care, and before him to Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan's efforts on behalf of a guaranteed annual income. But the existence of the White House Conference on Families stems from Jimmy Carter's 1976 campaign. Carter made two major speeches on the family, one in Manchester, New Hampshire, and another to the National Conference on Catholic Charities in Denver. His theme was that "the American family is in trouble." People all over America, he said, were concerned about "the steady erosion and weakening of our families." As evidence of the "breakdown" of the family, he pointed out that "Two out of five marriages now end in divorce. One child in eight is now born outside of marriage. One American child in six now lives in a single-parent family." He stressed that "there can be no more urgent priority for the next administration than to see that every decision our government makes is designed to honor and support and strengthen the American family." Specifically, he pledged to lower unemployment (then 7.5 percent), to reduce inflation (then five percent), to press for a national health program and a national day care program, and to reform taxes and welfare in ways that would strengthen the family.

Carter promised that, if elected, he would convene the White House Conference on the American Family. It was generally assumed at the time that he wanted to strengthen the traditional American family. "We're going to reverse the trend that we've experienced in the past that has destroyed the American family," he said in Manchester. "I believe we can restore what was lost."

When congressional hearings were held in February 1978 to consider the proposed White House conference, many expressed the hope that a family policy

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The European Models

In the 14 Western and Eastern European nations studied in Sheila Kamerman's and Alfred Kahn's *Family Policy*, a family is defined as a social unit containing at least one adult and one child. Under the general rubric of family policy, these nations pursue different aims, which are not always consistent with each other. The usual purposes of family policy are: to promote an increase in the birth rate; to redistribute income among families with children and those who are childless; to change sex roles within the family in order to promote equality; and to promote the well-being of children.

In Sweden, family policy has been used to promote equal sex roles. To do this, the Swedish government purposefully has undermined the traditional pattern. To quote the Swedish contributor to the Kamerman-Kahn Book:

> It has taken a whole generation of political reappraisals to abolish the two outmoded principles for the social control of childbearing:
>
> 1. The importance of conjugal legitimacy has declined. Since 1966 the marriage rate has been dropping. At the same time, more couples are cohabiting without a marriage ceremony. The increase in illegitimate children is exceptional. In 1973 the figures rose to 28 percent of the births [compared to 11 percent in the United States in 1976].
>
> 2. A survey done in 1971 found that nearly two thirds of the mothers with illegitimate children cohabited with the child's father. In an educated society the inheritance interests and births have been disconnected from family formation and childbearing.

Because of society's assistance, "women are better situated to have children without marrying the father." While Sweden protects working mothers, it does not permit child care allowances for homemaking mothers, since this would amount to a subsidy for the traditional family (referred to by the Swedish scholar as the "transitional" family).

In Norway, family policy also became an instrument to transform the traditional, patriarchal family. Reforms in tax policy, children's allowances, housing policy, divorce and abortion legislation aimed to facilitate the married woman's entry into the labor market. Here too, child care salaries for homemakers have *not* been approved as part of family policy. Since the middle 1960s, family size has diminished, the birth rate has declined, the number of divorces has doubled, and the number of illegitimate children has increased.

But a different kind of family policy has developed in Hungary. Although the Hungarian government treated the traditional family as a necessary evil in the 1940s and 1950s, the attitude changed as women entered the workplace and as the family appeared to be irreplaceable. According to the Hungarian contributor to the Kamerman-Kahn book, "It turned out that nurseries . . . besides being extremely expensive could hardly equal the quality of home care offered in the majority of families. . . . It seems to be a psychological truism that the closer and even the more exclusive the child's early contact with his nearest relatives, the stronger will be his/her affective security, and thus his/her ability to form good human contacts later on will be increased." So, since the early 1970s, Hungary has had an explicit policy of preserving the stability and well-being of the family. Mothers are provided a child care allowance until the child is three, and about 70 percent of those eligible take advantage of it.

In France, too, government policy promotes childbirth and values the role of the woman in the home. French children's allowances are not available for the first child, but only for subsequent children; additionally, young men who are fathers before they reach age 22 are exempt from military service. In Denmark, because of the way family policy benefits are dispersed, common-law marriages are treated on the same footing as traditional marriages. The divorce rate has risen sharply, the illegitimacy rate reached 22 percent in 1975, and both the marriage rate and birth rate are declining.

D.R.

would reverse the major problems of the time. Various speakers saw national family policy as the key to unemployment, inflation, crime, juvenile delinquency, divorce, inadequate health and housing, poor education, alcoholism and drug abuse, racial discrimination and media stereotyping, abortion and family planning, adolescent pregnancy, tax reform, welfare reform, day care, foster care, and flexible working schedules for working women.

Now, with such a catalogue of problems and needs, there was the making of a broad coalition for future action. But there was also a hint of trouble to come, for the conference was no longer the White House Conference on the American Family but the White House Conference on Families. For most of those who testified, the problem was no longer how to strengthen the beleaguered American family, as Carter originally proposed, but how to meet the needs of America's many different kinds of families.

The hearings were fascinating. The Coalition for the White House Conference on Families, a quasi-official group of organizations ranging from the National Council of Churches to the National Gay Task Force, urged that "government avoid stereotypical notions of family, and recognize, affirm, and provide for input from the wide diversity of family styles represented in our pluralistic society." A spokesman for the Family Service Association of America, a member of the Coalition, expressed the wish that the conference serve as "a consciousness-raising session" to explain that "there are no neat norms or standards for family life."

The National Gay Task Force submitted its definition, which was that any two or more persons who love and take responsibility for each other, or any adult who cares for a child during its formative years, should be considered a family; they maintained that whatever support goes to the family in general must also go to gay families. A congressman from California, in the spirit

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The Baltimore Bust

The first session of the White House Conference on Families, held in Baltimore two weeks ago, boasted a special "family room." This room was set up for children of the 671 delegates from 19 eastern and southern states. A neatly lettered sign designated one corner as the "creative area." The main attraction was an easel, and there were paints and thick magic markers in many colors on a nearby shelf. Next to that nook was the "manipulative area." Here puzzles and games were laid out on a low table. In another corner there was a "housekeeping area." It consisted of a tidy kitchen, thigh-high, where a white baby doll and a black baby doll were propped up at a table having a civilized tea. Two small girls had the room to themselves. Other children, sensibly enough, had been left at home to enjoy another year of innocence about conferences.

Beyond the family room, in the gleaming airport ambience of the rest of the Baltimore Convention Center, there were no such helpful signs to direct the grown-ups. The conference organizers clearly envisioned "creative" dialogue about American families; they even had equipped each room with easels and thick, colored magic markers. In fact, the event was not so creative. It amounted to a lot of housekeeping—procedural rigmarole designed to avoid substantive debate about family policy and instead to encourage civilized chat about all kinds of families and their myriad problems. This insubstantial and all-inclusive occasion came about in typically American fashion: presidential aspirant Jimmy Carter found that concern for the "family," meaning the traditional parents and kids kind, was a campaign hit. In office he followed up the easy way, by arranging a three million dollar conference and inviting everyone, rather than by actually doing anything that might offend someone.

In July 1979 the 40-member National Advisory Committee of the White House Conference on Families met for the first time with its chairperson, Jim Guy Tucker. Jim Guy, as he is called in the southern tradition, was a congressman from Arkansas from 1977-79 and wouldn't mind being elected to something again sometime. He is no "expert" on the family, he assures every gathering he addresses—ask his wife, Betty, or his kids, or even his dog, Maggie. This line is delivered with a flash of two perfect dimples and a set of pearly teeth. Jim Guy and the National Advisory Committee decided that they, as the leadership group, "should not get into substantive discussion on any substantive issues." They should instead "open up the process and seek opportunities to hear families articulate their own strengths and needs," which would be democratic and creative (never mind politically safe and popular).

The National Advisory Committee managed as best it could to fudge on those bothersome matters of substance that did crop up—like, what is a family and why all this fuss? The conference leaders decided not to define the family at all. Instead they championed the plural, families, to include all different "structures and lifestyles." Thus, there were homosexual couple families, even "single-person families." The issues to be addressed at the conference were likewise vague and all-inclusive. Government policies and their effects on families would be a major topic, but all family-related issues everywhere—in fact, whatever the nation wanted to talk about—would be topics too. Except it might be better, the National Advisory Committee suggested, if the "flashpoint" issues—abortion, homosexuality, and the ERA—were played down. Under this creative guidance, more than 100,000 Americans trooped out to seven regional hearings and countless state-subsidized activities to testify about their favorite family issue and elect delegates to the national conferences. More than 250 national organizations got involved as well.

Some 150 of these organizations, among them Phyllis Schlafly's Eagle Forum, joined forces to form the National Pro-Family Coalition on the White House Conference on Families that same summer of 1979. In Baltimore, these men and women wearing eagle pins and sometimes carrying Bibles saw what was plain to see, that the conference had no substance, and imagined what was less plain, that the deck was stacked against them. What is so hard about defining the family, singular? they reasonably asked. Without any semantic strain, they suggested, it can be described as "two or more persons related by heterosexual

of the hearings, complained about the "stereotype" of the American family: "We are not the little house on the prairie. We are a family that is taken apart by TV and subways and mass transit and low-rate air fares and schools and busing and all of that."

The idea that the best definition of the family is no definition at all became the official position of the WHCF. Since last fall, 48 states have chosen delegations to the national conferences (Alabama and Indiana have withdrawn). Every state was required to "develop an affirmative action plan to insure adequate representation of racial and ethnic groups, men and women, handicapped individuals, low income families, and diverse family forms." The majority of each was to be composed of people who were not family service professionals. This was easier said than done, however. (In New York state, for example, 23 percent of the delegation is childless, and only 57 percent have children living at home. Fully 50 percent of the delegation are holders of graduate degrees, and although only 44 percent claim to be paid family professionals, the overwhelming majority of the delegation are employed by private or public social service organizations.) In many states, the delegate selection process was characterized by conflict among people with differing views about the definition of the family and about the role of government in family matters. Depending on whom you ask, the state conferences were rigged to minimize the influence of those committed to the traditional family, or were the object of attempted takeovers by destructive forces from the new right.

The Coalition for the WHCF and the "pro-family" lobby immediately found themselves at loggerheads

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marriage, blood, or adoption." (They noted that the event was not billed as a White House Conference on Cooperative Living Arrangements.) And why slink around the other "flashpoint" issues, abortion and the ERA? they demanded. Those issues, as far as the pro-family movement is concerned, are after all what the fuss over families should be mainly about. Federal funding for abortion and passage of the ERA are, they argue, the two most morally intolerable assaults by the government on the traditional family.

The pro-family coalition claimed the conference, "contaminated by the liberal Carter machine," amounted to a "national pattern of secrecy, deception, and changing rules" directed against conservative, pro-family Americans. The National Advisory Committee, they charged, was stacked with liberal, social welfare, government types; the supposedly democratic state delegate selection processes were rigged against them in devious ways, they claimed; and discussions at the conference, they said, were conducted so as to shut up their delegates (20-30 percent of the total), and they staged a walk-out. Why were the conference leaders bothering with this elaborate procedural manipulation? So that they could engineer their "hidden agenda"—the "liberal panaceas that have been around the track before," like guaranteed annual income, national health insurance, federal child care, which are in bureaucratic, not family interests—into the final conference report.

The truth is there's no agenda, hidden or otherwise. The conspiracy theory gave the conference organizers more credit than they deserved, and it sounded silly: it would have been a feat to rig all the procedural intricacies of the decentralized conference, and why bother? Just the conference housekeeping by itself was plenty to distract an average delegate from raising any hard questions about the possible purposes and problems of a family policy in America.

Pity the poor delegate who, if she's the ordinary family type who conference leaders said abounded, probably hoped to leave housekeeping behind for a bit. Interested in the conference, she asked to be put on the conference mailing list and began receiving monthly reports from the White House Conference on Families office in the summer of 1979. The newsletters had nice photographs of children and adults of all ages, colors, advantages, and handicaps. But they also had lists, lots of them, often in fine print, of months' worth of all kinds of state activities, where and when. Mercifully, in each issue there was a flow chart that diagramed the "White House Conference on Families Process." Then the newsletter explained an elaborate formula, combining election and appointment, to select state delegates, and she somehow managed to win or be picked. This meant she had to read another 1000 pages regurgitating the results of the state conferences.

Bleary from her reading, she arrived in Baltimore and spent most of three days in one of 20 work groups with about 40 fellow delegates, under the leadership of a "facilitator" (someone who knows how to use behavioral science to encourage dialogue without purpose). There was lots of chatter and rustling of large pieces of paper on easels and squeaking of magic markers as everyone shared ideas and concerns about a host of issues until the group had scrawled out lots of recommendations—usually sweeping, such as one that favored ratification of the ERA, approval of "diversity of family life," and abortion, all in one. Then they voted to narrow down the messy array to three recommendations to present to the full conference. At the final full session, where an unwieldy 57 recommendations were passed, she saw that controversial omnibus recommendation barely squeak by (292-291).

She went home little wiser than she came. She learned that the controversial issues surrounding families are controversial. She found out that the government, the community, the schools, the churches and synagogues, the helping professions, the media, the courts, families themselves all should work to make families, of all kinds, strong and happy. She has no reason to believe the final conference report will have any effect. In fact, the only evidence she's likely to have that anything at all happened during those days she was away from home will be the cassette recordings of sessions at the conference that she bought for six dollars each (she could have gotten a full set for $750).

Ann Hulbert

over the definition of family—no small matter, since this definition would not only determine the direction of future family policy, but also who is eligible for family-oriented government benefits. The coalition has insisted successfully that no single view of the family should prevail in the conference, while the "pro-family" forces insist that a family is "two or more persons related by blood, marriage, or adoption." While the coalition has sought to discredit the latter as "a very narrow" definition, the fact is that it is also the official definition used by the United States Census Bureau, as well as by the Family Impact Seminar at George Washington University, which includes nearly two dozen of the nation's leading scholars of the family.

In examining the family policy of other nations, it becomes clear that every national family policy contains a model, a point of view, a set of values about what kind of families and what kind of social behavior should be encouraged by government policy. The experience of European governments with family policies suggests strongly that family policy is no panacea for the ills of a modern industrial society. (See box, "The European Models", page 19.) Changes in family structure are taking place across Europe and North America, regardless of whether there is a formal national family policy. In Sweden, Norway, Hungary, and France there has been a decrease in the marriage rate, an increase in the divorce rate, an increase in the number of cohabiting, unmarried couples, an increase in the number of illegitimate children, and an increase in the number of single-parent families. In addition, all of these countries have experienced increased labor force participation of women, which leads to more equal roles

(continued on page 24)

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IT'S WORTH A $60,000 MORTGAGE.

This house is located in a worn-down neighborhood in an American city. The neighborhood is not completely gone, but it's hurting.

Urban neighborhoods like this have the potential to recover—to become places where people would like to live. We'll stake money on it.

PEOPLE MAKE VALUE

Many people feel they'd miss something by living in the suburbs. The city offers diversity, history, culture and convenience. Urban public transportation means freedom from the automobile. Many city houses have character and architectural interest. And since more people still choose the suburbs, housing in the city can be a good buy.

PEOPLE MAKE A MARKET

If people want housing in the city, there can be a housing market in the city. Lenders of mortgage money, recognizing this change, can see that this house is worth a lot to someone. When it is rehabilitated, it will be worth a $60,000 mortgage. We can see it now.

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We're Fannie Mae, the Federal National Mortgage Association. We are a shareholder-owned, profit-making corporation, with a specific purpose. Our job is to help meet people's housing finance needs. We don't make loans, but by buying mortgages from local lenders who do, we replenish the lenders' supply of funds so they can grant more mortgages.

In addition to our regular mortgage purchase activities, we have set up a series of special programs that use our position in the home finance market to encourage more mortgage lending in urban areas.

FANNIE MAE'S REHABILITATION LOAN PROGRAM

Under our rehabilitation loan program, a lender would be able to grant a $60,000 mortgage on a house like this, even though in its present condition it may have a market value of only $35,000. Its value, when rehabilitated according to approved, detailed plans, would be about $63,200. A lender taking advantage of this program could grant a mortgage based on the completed value of the house, rather than on its present value. The buyer who is qualified for a 95%, 30-year conventional mortgage would be required to put 5% down and would receive $60,000 as a mortgage loan—95% of the house's completed value. $35,000 would go directly to the seller of the house, and the rest would be placed in an escrow account administered by the lender, to pay for the rehabilitation.

Home buyers used to have to go out and persuade someone to give them a construction loan for the rehab work, with separate transaction costs, a short-term payback and a higher interest rate. Now they don't have to.

GETTING THE WORD OUT

If no one knows about our programs, they won't do much good. Fannie Mae people from each of our five regional offices go out into the cities and tell lenders what kinds of mortgages we will buy.

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LOCAL PARTNERSHIPS

We work with community groups, local governments and local lenders to get neighborhoods turned around. It's already working in neighborhoods in such cities as Memphis, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Toledo, Seattle, and Dallas.

The city government has to be involved, because a neighborhood will not improve unless essential services are maintained or re-established. Building codes have to be applied sensitively to rehabilitated structures.

And there must be a lender committed to lending mortgage money. Community groups have often seen lenders as unapproachable. They're not. Fannie Mae is in a good position, with its ongoing relationship with many lenders, to bring them into the partnership.

But most important, people in the community must make a commitment to preserving and improving their neighborhood.

People want to live in cities. That means there is economic life to be brought back into cities as well. It is people who make this house worth a $60,000 mortgage. All our complicated real estate and financial transactions are, simply, a response to what people want.

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FANNIE MAE America's Mortgage Resource

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between women and men, and leads also to demands for more child care facilities. Labor force participation of women is roughly the same in most European and North American countries, regardless of whether there is a family policy. The provision of facilities for children aged three to six is not related to whether there is a specific family policy; in the United States and in Sweden about 50 percent of this age group are placed in child care facilities, and in Israel (which has no family policy) and in France the figure is about 90 percent.

Family policy provides a tool of social engineering for professionals, experts, and government officials. It can be used to intervene in the nation's social structure in a variety of ways, such as to create incentives to marry or to remain single, to have children or not, to care for one's own children or to place them in a child care facility. The family policy of other nations offers us sound suggestions on ways to protect maternal health, both before and after birth, and on the utility of a family allowance in securing the welfare of children. But the power of any family policy must reside in governmental bureaucracies; inevitably it is used to manipulate the family, and for this reason it will continue to arouse bitter political controversies.

While it is true that the United States does not have a comprehensive national family policy, there are many governmental policies that directly and indirectly affect the family and family members (who are 90 percent of the American population). Virtually every governmental activity may be considered an aspect of family policy, whether health, education, welfare, housing, labor policy, taxation, or fiscal policy; almost every agency or program of government affects family in some fashion.

In the past several years, social programs have gained a very large share of the national budget. In the president's 1981 budget of approximately $660 billion, 43 percent ($250 billion) is direct benefits to individuals in programs such as Social Security, Medicare-Medicaid, and welfare. Another 15 percent ($100 billion) is earmarked for states and localities, for such public purposes as housing, mass transit, education, and community development. Less than 25 percent goes to the military. In 1965, the total federal budget was a mere $118 billion, with nearly half going to the military, only 25 percent ($30 billion) for direct benefits to individuals, and another nine percent ($11 billion) to states and localities. In the past 16 years, the relative priority of the military and social programs has been reversed.

Of course, merely spending money does not guarantee that anything will be accomplished. A policy statement in itself is meaningless, especially when it is drafted as a laundry list of hopes and intentions. What counts are the hard choices that must be made between competing values and conflicting goals. When these choices are not made, there is no policy. It may be impossible to make these choices in the highly sensitive area of family policy, due to the differences in values among our population.

The United States is unlikely to develop a comprehensive national family policy. We do not have a national consensus on the kind of families we want to encourage and the kind of behavior we want to discourage. Do we want to encourage women to leave the home and enter the labor market? Do we want to encourage mothers of young children to stay at home? Do we want to use government policy to restructure the internal dynamics of the family? Do we want to reduce or increase the rates of divorce, cohabitation, marriage, remarriage, birth, and illegitimacy? We are not likely to have answers to such questions soon; furthermore, not many people will trust government with such important personal interests.

Above all, consideration of family policy needs a clear, unbiased data base from which to formulate policy. Some American families are in trouble, but most are not. About 90 percent of all Americans are residing as members of families related by blood, marriage, or adoption (another eight percent are single persons). Forty-seven million families (out of a total of 57 million families) are composed of the conventional, husband-wife relationship. We have been told repeatedly that 40 percent of all marriages end in divorce, but that statistic means that for every 10 couples who married last year, four couples get divorced; alongside that information must be added the fact that 80 percent of all married couples have never been divorced. We have been told that the high divorce rate spells disaster, since so many children will not be raised in two-parent homes. Mary Jo Bane, in her book *Here to Stay*, points out that the proportion of children who live with at least one parent has been rising steadily since 1940, from 90 percent to 95 percent; due to a steady decline in the death rate, fewer children lose a parent by death, and there has been a sharp increase in the number of separated, divorced, or widowed women who keep their children at home instead of sending them to live with relatives, in foster homes, or in orphanages.

The desire to have a harmonious, consistent, coherent national family policy is understandable. We know that a health policy aims to make people healthy; we know that the object of a housing policy is to house people. But we cannot construct a family policy when we have neither a generally accepted understanding of what a family is nor of what such a policy should accomplish.

To the extent that the agenda of family policy is directed to such clear-cut, but currently unfashionable issues as child welfare and maternal health, or to children's allowances and a guaranteed minimum income, then the possibility of devising a national consensus and a national policy exists. But if the agenda for formulating family policy continues to be a vehicle for the concerns of special interest groups, be they feminists, homosexuals, professional service providers, the new left, or the new right, then the issue will be mired in terminal political and ideological controversy.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Old Troubles

Whenever I start to feel a tinge of satisfaction at living in an enlightened century, I think of just one fact: in our time (to go back no more than 30 years), millions of people have been butchered in religious wars. Catholics against Protestants, Moslems against Jews, Hindus against Moslems. Yes, political and territorial factors figure, but the lines were drawn originally and continuingly on religious grounds. Because of difference in theology and rite, each side appropriates God; and each side slaughters the other. Today. Not 1280 or 1480. It's enough to make an atheist like me laugh and laugh and laugh. It doesn't, of course, but it ought to.

Northern Ireland is one of the black examples. A few years ago, at the end of a week in London I had dinner with some political people and journalists and said I was puzzled: during the Vietnam War, I couldn't have gone to an equivalent dinner in New York without hearing talk about it, but here there was no talk—now nor in the whole previous week—about Belfast. Said my host: "Because it's hopeless. There is no solution." I knew that he knew more of the various proposals and plans than I, so I took his comment as given. The British evidently mean just to live with the troubles as they are and see what happens, rather than try to determine things.

In Ireland, struggles with the British are an old tradition, to be sure. In virtually any Irish town, one of the first things they'll show you is the church where Cromwell stabled his horses. More recently, the struggle in the north has shifted to a fight between republican Irish, who are Catholic, and Irish loyal to Britain (and backed by Britain, naturally), who are Protestant: so the political war is openly religious.

That war is the subject of *The Outsider*. It's set, except for a prologue and epilogue in America, on the Irish border and in Belfast, and it was filmed in both the Irelands. Excepting those American bits, it's grim and clear-eyed, therefore hopeless. Very moving but (and?) hopeless. The screenplay was adapted from a novel of Colin Leinster's by the director, Tony Luraschi who, with this film, establishes himself as a serious figure. Luraschi is American, 41, has been a stills photographer, an assistant cameraman to Giuseppe Rotunno, and an assistant to a number of directors, mostly foreign. Against what must have been stiff odds in these financially nervous times, Luraschi persisted with his *Outsider* project. Only passion could have kept him going, and passion is what makes him bear down with even-handed veracity on the theme. His directing is fluent, never lurid (again excepting the American bits), and has the tension of commitment.

The protagonist is an Irish-American young man in Detroit, played passably by Craig Wasson, who has been hotted up since childhood about Ireland's struggle by his ex-IRA grandfather, Sterling Hayden (who is developing a line in patriarchs—before this, he did them in *1900* and *King of the Gypsies*). A prologue sums up the years of Wasson's indoctrination: an epilogue shows his return from Ireland to find his grandfather dying and to hear his "confession." That confession is filled with redundant ironies. Everything the old man says about his motives for indoctrinating Wasson is implicit or explicit in what we've already seen in Ireland. But most of the picture, all the Irish body of it, has an unscripted, unsparing air.

Air has two meanings here. Luraschi was lucky in his cinematographer, Ricardo Aronovich, who did *Providence* for Resnais. Aronovich got the essential visual quality and has used it as a norm: he has seen the Irish light and felt the Irish climate, both of which explain tweed and whiskey. Belfast looks dank even in the sun, and the countryside smiles sadly. Without any hint of pathetic fallacy, of underscoring, the very look of this film, shot by shot, supports what happens in it.

Wasson, after frustrating service in Vietnam, joins the IRA in Dublin, is sent to the border, and is made to take part in the execution of a kidnapped British judge after his "trial" by an IRA court. Then the leaders in Dublin think it a good idea to send Wasson to Belfast and get him killed in action. The shooting of an American by the British, they think, will boost American support for the IRA. These cold maneuvers are matched by the British Army torture of a prisoner for information. And both sides commit accidental, senseless brutalities. Nothing that I've read about this war makes me doubt anything I saw in this film.

While Wasson is hiding in Belfast, waiting (as he thinks) for a mission, he meets and falls in love with a bitter, bereaved young Catholic woman, trenchantly played by Patricia Quinn. Their affair is cosseted by his landlady, a strong-jawed, stronger-spirited woman, Elizabeth Begley, who is only one of a flawless, perfectly pitched cast of Irish actors. By a fluke, Wasson escapes the death planned by his friends. He flees Ireland, and when he and Quinn part,

Films Worth Seeing

Coal Miner's Daughter. The part that lives up to the title is good. The part where she becomes Loretta Lynn is trite.

Fame. Again, when it sticks to what the title's about, it's good. High School of Performing Arts students in NYC, hot with talent and success drive. Their personal stories are drivel.

My Brilliant Career. Why do they call it a "sleeper?" It's more awake than any other picture around. An Australian girl, c. 1900, opts spunkily for a free life.

Norma Rae. Sally Field. A fight to unionize a southern mill, today. Sally Field.

SK

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their vow to meet again has the flavor of Jean Gabin's parting from Dita Parlo in *La Grande Illusion*. They certainly mean it—at the moment. She may possibly join him later in America, but we feel that her role in this awful story is longer than his. He has finished and can go home; she's in it for the run.

If there's nothing vitally new in *The Outsider*, that's a kind of testament to its truth. There was nothing new in Marcel Ophuls's good (and underrated) documentary on this subject, *A Sense of Loss* (1972). There hasn't been much new to say in the matter since O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock* (1924) dealt with the Free State-Republican fighting of 1922. Near the end of that play Juno Boyle prays, after her son's killing, "Sacred Heart o' Jesus . . . take away this murdherin' hate, an' give us Thine own eternal love." The exchange is still pending.

Only one work that I know has lately added a dimension of understanding through art to the Irish horror, a play called *Flying Blind* by an Anglo-Irishman, Bill Morrison (published here by Faber & Faber). It was produced atrociously Off Broadway last winter; among the reviews I read, only Harold Clurman's saw the worth under the warping. Morrison's Belfast, where his play is set, is a city on pills—the only way the people can keep going—and frantic with jazz and sex. With a diabolically keen touch, Morrison has taken as his model, not O'Casey but Feydeau, the great genius of farce. The mind-rasping anxieties of life in Belfast, the desolations and desperations, the murders, are all contained in the texture of what Morrison calls an "appalling farce." This method, something like the distancing-for-clarity method of Lina Wertmüller's treatment of World War II in *Seven Beauties*, creates a unique twisting combination of cosmic view and hot immediacy.

The Outsider has no such ambition. Its honor is its honesty, and vice versa. (Again if we except the opening and closing.) Luraschi has looked at the Irish torment relentlessly and has seen that, for all the suffering and death, it isn't even tragedy. It's just bleeding, that goes on and on. Because, basically, of religion.

Exquisite costumes by Danilo Donati, who has worked often for Fellini; matching cinematography by Tonino Delli Colli, who has worked often for this director, the late Pier Paolo Pasolini. Wonderful compositions, wonderful faces, chosen by Pasolini. But this film of *The Canterbury Tales* is a mess, very self-consciously bawdy and very muddled. It was made in 1972, has a wretchedly dubbed and synchronized English sound track and a script by Pasolini that mangles even the mangling of Chaucer. (Some anachronisms, too. The Tudor buildings of Lavenham, where some of the scenes were shot, postdate Chaucer by about 200 years.) Pasolini himself sits in as Chaucer, smiling as he thinks up a new tale and starts to write. But this device, embarrassing though it is, isn't even used consistently. The narrative is sometimes nearly incomprehensible.

Still . . . those costumes, that lighting, those pictures. I've rarely seen such beautiful work so wasted. If you think you might not mind sitting at a two-hour exhibit of superb period photographs instead of a film, there's pleasure in it.

Robert Brustein on theater

The Quest of Peter Brook

Let me preface my sense of disappointment over Peter Brook's recent forays at La Mama ETC with an expression of admiration for the way this man of the theater has conducted his career. Having established himself as the boy wonder of the commercial stage, he soon developed into an extraordinarily inventive director with the Royal Shakespeare Company, staging versions of *King Lear* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* that are still models of imaginative classical reinterpretation. (One proof of Brook's influence on this company is how conventional it became after he ceased to work there regularly.) No one associated with the British or American stage has proved so daring or original—or so restlessly dissatisfied with his own achievements. Brook could have remained forever with the RSC, turning out similar productions; there are some (and I'm among them) who wish he had. But something in this man is continually goading him into new departures, and Le Centre International de Créations Théâtrales, the international company he has been developing for the past six years in Paris, represents Brook's attempt to evolve a whole new form of theater, as radical a break with his RSC productions as *Marat/Sade* was with his Broadway production of *The Little Hut*. There are precious few saints or heroes in Western theater. Peter Brook is surely one of them—and another surely is the woman responsible for inviting him here, Ellen Stewart of La Mama.

Having said this, I am now obliged to confess that, in my opinion, Brook's quest for new adventures has not yet been followed by very interesting discoveries. Of the three Brook offerings at La Mama, I caught all but the most acclaimed, *The Conference of the Birds*, though I managed to see an earlier version of this work four or five years ago at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. For that reason perhaps I am disqualified from generalizing about the work of the Centre, and nobody has the right to make fundamental judgments on the labors of six years. Nevertheless, *L'Os*, *Ubu Roi*, and especially *The Ik* struck me as sufficiently narrow in conception and confused in direction to stimulate thoughts about what might be wrong with the basic assumptions of the group.

I have two major quarrels with the current work, one philosophical, the other aesthetic. First of all, Brook, for all his gifts, is not essentially a creative artist—he is, rather, a supreme interpreter. I don't mean to suggest that interpretation cannot be a creative act, but Brook's greatest achievements always have been inspired by important texts. Of the current repertory, none of the plays, with the qualified exception of *Ubu*, is distinguished by very strong writing, with the result that the company is not endowed with a generating transcendent vision. What Brook needs, in short, is a playwright. Like The Living Theater, The Performance Group, and (at times) The Open Theater—the ensembles of the 1960s which apparently inspired Brook in his present work—Le Centre International suffers occasionally from its own sultry, self-enclosed atmosphere, where precious theatrical resources are occasionally squandered in the service of a certain social or religious evangelism.

Brook's passion for developing an international community through the unifying device of his theater sometimes

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makes him seem a little like the Gary Davis of the modern stage—proselytizing on behalf of an ideal of world federation. His disdain for what he calls the "deadly theater"—meaning the shallow Western pieties of modern bourgeois theatergoing—has encouraged him to concentrate on theatrical transactions that transcend class, race, or national origin. With his actors, he *has* created a certain world community, successfully unifying a disparate group that includes Orientals, French, Americans, Africans, and his English wife, Natasha Parry. But international audiences can be unified only by a very basic language with a very limited vocabulary. The farce vocabulary of *Ubu* being relatively universal, this play communicates fairly well (though even *Ubu* has been performed better by the kind of Western actors for whom it was written). But when Brook gets into African ritual and primitive anecdotes, a faint touch of condescension begins to taint the atmosphere of his theatrical egalitarianism.

The worst offender in this regard is *The Ik*, a dramatic piece based on *The Mountain People* by the anthropologist Colin Turnbull. Turnbull went to northern Kenya to investigate a tribe that, denied the right to hunt, had been reduced to starvation. Their conditions were appalling; they felt nothing for the dead or dying; they were plunged into a profound anomie relieved only by the presence of food. Some of them ate stones; others simply rolled over and died. After observing the tribe for three years, Turnbull reached the conclusion that "those values [love, compassion, unselfishness, loyalty, etc.] which we cherish so highly, indispensable for both survival and sanity . . . are not inherent in humanity at all, they are not a necessary part of human nature."

This observation, though hardly remarkable, is very moving in the context of the book. In Brook's production, it seems to be turned back on Westerners, many of whom leave the theater feeling less sympathy over the plight of the Ik than guilt over their own full bellies. Turnbull himself is represented as a rather cold-blooded observer who shows little interest in the objects of his scrutiny except as clinical material for his camera or notebook. The only time he intervenes is when he sees a child stealing food out of the mouths of his weakened parents. And when he journeys to the Sudan, he goes there in order to observe what the Ik are like "when they have plenty of food." "Turnbull left in 1966," the narration concludes. "In 1971, another anthropologist visited the Ik." So much for Western compassion.

I found something just a little troubling about this parade of human misery before an audience helpless to do anything about it, and I was disturbed in another way by Brook's production of *L'Os*—a piece based on a story by the northern African writer Birago Diop. Played by the company in broad vaudeville style, *L'Os* is a simple tale about what the hero is willing to do for a marrow bone. Like most of Brook's settings, this one consists of a few plain objects, used in a sophisticated manner; and it carries the same implicit message of how privileged we are to witness the simple wisdom of the "little people." Was it possible that with these pieces Brook had created his own form of deadly theater which audiences now attended out of social rather than cultural piety?

Alfred Jarry's *Ubu Roi*, on the other hand, has some fine things in it, including a minimal setting composed of two huge storage wheels that function as thrones, chairs, chariots, juggernauts, and the like. It is played mostly in French, with occasional English phrases thrown in ("Who will sew up the seat of your knickers?") to reinforce the absurdity. Only in this piece is Brook's company permitted to show whether or not they can act—a few of them can. I particularly like Miriam Goldschmidt as Mere Ubu, cross-eyed and rubber-faced, and Bruce Myers as Capitaine Bordure, whom he plays as an awkward, humpbacked clown. Andreas Katsulas, the only American in the company, plays Ubu with a protruding stomach and a rasping voice, providing in energy what he lacks in technique. The goofiness occasionally falls into silliness, and the spirit of adolescent clowning occasionally palls, but there are some very funny images in the production—Ubu holding court with a toilet brush, the courtiers being executed by squashing themselves against a wall like flies—which are in happy contrast to the liberal condescension of the other plays.

It is easy to understand why Brook was attracted to this early Dadaist

A LITTLE NIGHT STORY

In back of El Minuto cafe,
beneath the tamarisk trees,
the ruined walls of an adobe church
protect the blue and red flicker
of votive candles. The tall clear
ones in the corner, stencilled
with irregular Guadalupes,
illuminate a plaque that tells
of a man whose wife ran away
with a priest. That was

a hundred years ago.
The man thought
if he sat down under the trees
and cried, she'd return,
but whenever a woman passed
he saw something of his wife's face.

One night, he was murdered
and dragged into the church.
The neighbors said the wind in the trees
was a sound like weeping
and some have seen his face
calmed by these flames.

I zip up, walk back to the car.
As you drive home, I try to find
some infidelity in your face,
but there is only calmness.
I'm drunk. I'm slipping past you.
If I could weep,
you might never leave me.

Michael Collier

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romp—it represents a total assault on Western literature, particularly the Shakespeare plays on which Brook cut his directorial teeth. Ubu is a kind of monstrous Macbeth, persuaded by his wife to knock off the Polish king, Vencelas, before annihilating everybody else, and there are enough ghost scenes, battle scenes, oath scenes, man-eating bears, and ancestors screaming for revenge to satisfy a dozen productions of *Hamlet* or *The Winter's Tale*. But for all its primitiveness, *Ubu* is the product of a highly sophisticated sensibility, and for all its rejection of European culture, it could only have been produced by the West. The same might be said of its director.

For ultimately, Brook cannot shake off his inheritance, no matter how much he may despise it. Even his belief that he can is a Western idea, which dates from Rousseau. Still, it is not my place to tell him to stop trying. He is in the grip of a powerful Romantic delusion at the moment, but anything one holds obsessively and long enough takes on its own validity. Brook is trying to make a point about the international roots of primitive theater; I don't think he has proved it yet. But the effort, if not the result, compels respect, and it brings the theater just a little closer to the serious purpose for which it was first conceived.

So does *A Prelude to Death in Venice*, the new Mabou Mines production at the Public Theater, as conceived and written by the gifted Lee Breuer. This is a very difficult piece to describe; to be truthful about it, I haven't a clue as to its meaning. But it offers such startling theatrical images and utilizes the space of The Prop Room so well that it communicates itself almost like a piece of abstract sculpture. The Prop Room is a small theater that looks out on the large central hallway of the Public Theater—Breuer begins his piece by drawing a curtain to reveal the larger space. What follows is an hour-long monologue by a spunky, bad-tempered puppet (held by the actor Bill Raymond) who, standing between two telephone booths that expand at one point to form the arch of a cathedral, attempts to communicate with people in the outside world, including his mother with whom he seems to be having an affair. At one point, we are startled by the appearance on stage (to the accompaniment of flashing lights) of an enormous rubber tire—it is the cops investigating a "dumb John in a leather jacket and a wooden head" who has charged a call to Luxembourg to the Police Department. For the finale, Breuer fills the stage with smoke, colored with red light, for a hologram illusion of a dancer in multiple images. Like all of Breuer's work, this piece tries to use the theater for little other purpose than to extend the imagination; in this, it is totally successful. In its modesty of means and its amplitude of invention, *A Prelude to a Death in Venice* is a healthy artistic antidote to the tendentious compulsions of the modern stage.

Reconsideration.

Stanley Elkin's 'The Franchiser'

by William Gass

You do not write an introduction for the novel of a friend, and the man, among men, you admire and love most, with an easy conscience or a restful mind. To place any words ahead of a work like this is the act of an upstart, an interloper, an interventionist; so I shall say briefly what moves me most when Stanley Elkin's prose becomes my consciousness, and simply hope that others will be drawn to it, and find, if not my pleasures, others equally important and enduring.

Stanley Elkin puts his imagination to work by placing it like a seed within the soil of some vocation. *Vocation*: that is no trade school word for him. What is your name? where are you from? what do you do? Among those who survey the habits of Americans, there are many who find these questions, which are likely to be among the first answering holes we fill in on forms, and the first we put to strangers, indicative of our indifference to the essential self. Should men and women, after all, be defined in any important way by their work? The answer, of course, is yes, otherwise the activities which largely support our lives and consume our time would be unfriendly, foreign, and irrelevant to us. Our occupation should not be something we visit like the seashore in summer or a prisoner in a prison, despite the fact that the work may be unpleasant and dangerous and hard like that in a mill or a foundry or a mine. Even if it is like speaking a foreign language we haven't learned, the incapacity itself is totally defining.

In *Boswell*, Elkin's first novel, the occupation was that of a celebrity seeker, but it may be a merchant's, as it is in *A Bad Man*, or a bailbondsman's, as it is in the brilliant story of that name. Again, a gloomy grocer may be his concern, or a debt collector, the disc jockey of *The Dick Gibson Show*, or a franchiser like Ben Flesh—jobs which are often seedy or suspect in some way. Elkin does not wonder what it would be like if he were a professional bully, or an elderly ragman, though new to the nation, a peddler trundling a cart down the street and crying, "regs, all cloze." He does not say: what if I were running my own radio show—and then write.

William Gass is author of *The World Within the Word* (Godine). This essay will appear as an introduction to *The Franchiser* to be published by Nonpareil Books, Godine, in July.

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His fictions are not daydreams; there is no idleness in them, no reveries. They are not acts of ordinary empathy either, in which the novelist listens in on some way of life and then plays what he hears on his linotype. Instead, Elkin allows the activity itself to create his central characters, to find its being in some gainly or ungainly body, and then he encourages that body to verbalize a voice.

Voice: for Elkin, that's no choir boys' word. Just as in Beckett, the *logos* is life. There is not a line in *The Franchiser* that doesn't issue from one. And what is this occupation it speaks for but acts and their names, agents and their frailties, the texture of their environments? . . . things, words, sensations, signs—all one. And the mouth must work while reading him, must taste the intricate interlace of sound; wallow, as I now am, in the wine of the word. One is compelled to quote:

> He loved the shop, the smells of the naphthas and benzenes, the ammonias, all the alkalis and fats, all the solvents and gritty lavas, the silken detergents and ultimate soaps, like the smells, he decided, of flesh itself, of release, the disparate chemistries of pore and sweat—a sweat shop—the strange woolly-smelling acids that collected in armpits and atmosphered pubic hair, the flameless combustion of urine and gabardine mixing together to create all the body's petty suggestive alimentary toxins. The sexuality of it. The men's garments one kind, the women's another, confused, deflected, masked by residual powders, by the oily invisible resins of deoderant and perfume, by the concocted flower and the imagined fruit—by all fabricated flavor. And hanging in the air, too—where would they go?—dirt, the thin, exiguous human clays, divots, ash and soils, dust devils of being.
>
> 'Irving, add water, we'll make a man.'

And this is precisely how Elkin makes a man—out of the elements he lives in, the body he is confined to, the world he works in, the language he knows.

From time to time the voice halts, fills its trunk, and sprays us with speech. How long has it been, how far back must we go, to encounter such speeches, such rich wild oratory? If I were to hazard a guess, I would say we should find it again in *The Alchemist*, in *Volpone*, in *Every Man in His Humor*, and if that seems an extreme claim, simply compare Jonson's characteristic rodomontade (as wonderful as the word which is supposed to condemn it) with the speech which begins: "How crowded is the universe. . . . How stuffed to bursting with its cargo of crap." And goes on: "A button you could be, a pocket in pants, a figure on print." And on: "I am talking of the long shot of existence, the odds no gambler in the world would take, that you would ever come to life as a person, a boy called Ben Flesh." And on: "You weren't aborted, you didn't end up in a scum bag. You survived the infant mortality stuff. You made it past measles, polio, mumps. You outwitted whooping cough, typhoid, VD. God bless you, boy, you're a testament to the impossible!" And on, page after page: "Ben, everything there *is* is against your being here! Think of get-togethers, family stuff, golden anniversaries in

photo of Stanley Elkin by Nancy Crampton

rented halls, fire regulations celebrated more in the breach than the observance, the baked Alaska up in flames, everybody wiped out—all the cousins from the coast. Wiped out." Until it ends:

> 'So! Still! Against all the odds in the universe you made happy landings! What do you think? Ain't that delightful? Wait, there's more. You have not only your existence but your edge, your advantage and privilege. You do, Ben, you do. *No?* Everybody does. They give congressmen the frank. Golden-agers go cheap to the movies. You work on the railroads they give you a pass. You clerk in a store it's the 20 percent discount. You're a dentist your kid's home free with the orthodontics. Benny, Benny, we got so much edge we could cut diamonds!'

Central to the theme and movement of the book, this harangue is one of fiction's finest moments.

The Franchiser is engaged, then, in the naming of names, the names of places and people, of course, but above all the names of things: commercial enterprises of all kinds, name brands, house brands, brandless brands, labels, logos, zits. Elkin composes a song from the clutter of the country, a chant out of that "cargo of crap" which comprises our culture, the signs, poles, boxes, wires, the stores along the roads and highways, our motorcars. He writes with the stock in trade and with the salesman's slang. About the tissues, rags, and wipers, which are appropriate to every fixture and furnishing—bowl, screen, or clock face, asshole or cheery cheek—he knows, and taps out the call sign, grasping the peculiar argot of every agency, the specific slant of every occupation, the angle, the outlook—the edge.

There is, in Elkin, only the "rich topsoil of city asphalt"; there are no lisping winds or drooling streams. He dances to a wholly urban oo-la-la. He cannot see the forest for the picnic tables, the cookout pits, the trash containers with their loose heaps of bottles, Dixie Cups, and paper plates; and on those plates he spots the catsup smears, the mustard marks, the crumbs from cookies and potato chips, and he understands at once whether they were reconstituted, ruffled, extra hearty, or Mexicanized. Nature is a Kodacolor picture wall in one of Ben Flesh's Travel Inns. It is where you go to get wool for fine suits, wood for boardwalks, food for fast foods, electric warmth for blankets, power for power tools. There is one moment when Ben Flesh finds himself in Nature (ominously in, as though she really were the Mother of us All).

> In nature. His scent in the thin air like a signal to the bears, to the cougars. Out of his element, the franchiser disenfranchised. Miles from the culture, from the trademark and trade routes of his own long Marco Polo life.

Elkin is not concerned with High Culture either. He knows it not. The city, itself, is his Smithsonian, and there is real lust in his love for it, not merely the usual honor and respect. He has been happily captured by this vast dump of dreck the city has become, and the country has become as it has become a city. He adores this spill of drink and splat of spittle, this rind of flesh, dry ash and peel of paint, this loud honk the city is, and all its elements; even if it is a steel shaving, this mother of muggers and vulva of vulgarity, this hospice for rape and every kind of wretchedness—the city; although it is only a loud shout, a long hurt and place of enlarging hate—he loves it, its objects, its stone scapes, lit ways and glowing windows, this shag of

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hair and shard of glass the city is; the bag, can, weed and bitter litter it makes; the cold smoke, the poisoned air it holds; this dog leaving that the city is: Elkin has an embracing passion for it. He celebrates it as no one has or has been able (if we except only Augie March), and although he knows motels, as habitable space, are like the shaven cunt of a packaged whore; still he hums his hymns, although he knows how many streets are ugly, foul smelling and dangerous, as full of *e coli* as a lower intestine; he warbles away, even though he knows money is society's perfumed, silver plattered shit, nevertheless he goes on loving the prime rate; he knows fame is a faded billboard now for rent, and yet he goes on touching the famous as if they were kings who could cure; he knows, and yet he goes on loving the menace and the waste, the tacky, cheap, lovelorn, gimcracky life our modern lot has all too often come to; he loves it exactly as the saint loves the leper—*despite* and *because*—not in blindness or through any failure of taste, but because it is all so deeply and dearly human to him; because, as Rilke put it, it is good just to be here—*Siehe, ich lebe!*—since existence itself is outrageously chancy and strange and stable and ordinary (it is like that flameless combustion of gabardine and pee); and all of it—our whole cornpone commercial culture—becomes so transformed by Elkin's attention, his love and his writing, so altered beyond any emblem, that even an enemy of crud such as I esteem myself to be—grim and unforgiving—am won over, and I walk through the dime store in a daze of delight.

Here then we have no namby-pamby style. The rollcall rolls on: wrist watches and lamps, you name it and Elkin will name it; the rhetoric rises like a threatening wind, and the effect is like that on those who like storms: exhilarating, and a little scary.

> It was a hotel, dark except for the light from an open elevator and a floor lamp by one couch. The Oriental carpets, the furniture, the registration desk and shut shops—all seemed a mysterious, almost extinguished red in the enormous empty lobby. Even the elevator—one of four; he supposed the others weren't functioning—seemed set on low. He looked around for Mopiani but the man had remained at his post. He pressed the button and sensed himself sucked up through darkness, imagining, though it was day, the darkened mezzanine and black ballrooms, the dark lamps and dark flowers in their dark vases on the dark halved tables pressed against the dark walls of each dark floor, the dark silky stripes on the benches outside the elevators, the dark cigarette butts in the dark sand.

There is no fear of excess here, either, because Elkin oversubscribes to everything. Centers will not hold him in spite of his academic training, his professorial position. He goes to extremes simply to have his picture taken standing at an edge. His language carries him away (there is a pile-up of images at every corner like a crash of cars); his characters get carried away; his words first explore, then explode, the world.

He is not content with nice precise observations, in which, for instance, a policeman's long holster looks like a weapon, "its pistol some bent brute at a waterhole, the trigger like a visible genital" (wonderful and radical enough), but the uniform itself becomes a weapon, and then the parts of this new mechanism are beautifully described: "the metal blades of Mopiani's badge, the big key ring with its brass claws, a tunnel of handcuffs doubled on his backside, the weighted tapered cosh, the serge-like grainy blue hide, the stout black brogans, the patent-leather bill of his cap like wet ink."

He is not satisfied with the simply sensuous (Ben Flesh standing in his tux, "his formal pants and jacket glowing like a black comb, his patent-leather shoes vaulted smooth and tensionless as perfect architecture," as though he "might be standing in the skin of a ripe bright black apple"). It does not matter that apples are every other color, or that eggplants come close to patent black in their most bruised moods, just try eggplants instead of apple and feel the effect of the change.

Not satisfied, never content, Elkin presses beyond his mountains of apparently realistic detail, with their dangerous slides of wit; he passes safely through the misleading forests of simple fun, the satiric gibes, the siren-like lists; he pushes on into the nuclei of his various vocations (the dance studio, for instance, one of Ben Flesh's failing franchises), pushes, presses, until they are more than metaphors, more than merely the nice idea that "work for rent" has been set up on signs. He searches inside of whatever one of them possesses his imagination at the moment to find the form—the spreading itch—of the image itself: its finality, its limits, its outer edge; for then that occupation, because it is the wholehearted consequence of a thought which has put on a pair of pants and found a passion which they conceal like an excited penis; this work, with all its learning and its lingo, dreams itself back over the whole world of the fiction like a cloud, settles over us all like a communal hallucination; whereupon we realize that Elkin is a visionary writer; he is Brueghel or he is Bosch; he pictures people at picnics, at weddings; Icarus falls suddenly through a white sky; in the middle of a figure 8 a skater dies, a sodden sleeper floats out of the nervous corners of our eyes; and the exuberance with which Ben Flesh has traveled the cloverleafs, generously giving hitching thumbs a ride; his and our relish for existence, for the least as well as the large, for the sweet names of things, turns to dumb drunkenness, to petty meanness, to slobby gluttony; vice emerges like a green haze from virtue's smiling mouth; the dance of life becomes the dance of death—but more than that—the dance of death is no better off: the bones play like tickled ivories some sugary welcome to the spring or some soft September song.

The dance develops, step by step, as Ben Flesh decides to honor his losses with a gala, and trays of slivered turkey and skin-thin beef are bought with a Diner's Club card and taken to the studio. People are lured in off the street by bribes, and the Wurlitzer is applauded to get in practice for the time when there will be a real band. "Night and Day" is played, and "Happy Days Are Here Again." A bottle of catsup falls from a shopping bag and spills its blood on the floor where it soon shows Flesh the paths of the dancers, its "beautiful red evidence" making the music visible. It isn't long before this mess is mixed with bits of pork and rice, assorted hors d'oeuvres, soft crusts, and chunks of chicken which explode "like delicious gut under the dancer's weight." It is a nightmare made out of reality by adding more: do people tend to put out butts on the ballroom floor? then let fall a thousand cigs like flaming stars; do guests incline to crumb their canapes, spill their drinks? let litter float down upon the party like the ash which preserved Pompeii; do old folks like to love the old songs? then let them be set upon by "On the Road to Mandalay." Elkin plays the real world *loud*; and by

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turning up the volume he has already rendered the hellish glow many a heaven casts before he gets around, in *The Living End*, to depicting our conventional ones—depictions, however, which rival, recall, revive, Brueghel, Bosch.

The machine plays "The Night Was Made for Love." It plays "I'm Sitting on Top of the World." The dancers continue to turn through their own slop, and Flesh makes a great and crazy speech presumably about convenience (complete convenience, not just that of convenience foods), the total ease of chemical creams, the relief afforded by flowered sheets and pretty pillow cases, the comfort control he calls the real measure of mankind. It is an astonishing replay of the earlier "oration" I mentioned. "Nobody, nobody, nobody ever had it so good. Take heed. A franchiser tells you." Liquor continues to leak from plastic cups. "Smile, you fuckers, laugh, you shitlings. I come from Fred Astaire, *everybody dance*!"

Flesh, in effect, foams at the mouth; he represents America at its best; he is the word become Ben; he utters pure pop; he speaks Lite beer; his verbs are coated with a secret recipe, Vic Tanny keeps his prepositions slim, though his nouns are all frozen custards and spun milk; yet what his long rant is really about is the movement, the form, the table-turning, of this incredible novel.

Vision, I said. For Elkin, it is no visionary's word, no politician's promise, preacher's ploy. It is the unerring instinct of the verbal eye.

Ben's name knows the worst: the flesh fails, and Ben is stricken with a scribbler's sickness; he is MS'd up, to put it as poorly as possible; nevertheless (our author notes), though as illnesses go, MS is truly big league, while sitting down (as authors do) it is an invisible disease. In-visible. Our language, in Elkin's hands, opens like a paper flower. The symptoms of this sickness are drawn inside out with an unfailing artistry of line. Once again, they circumscribe a vision. It involves the unity of hell and heaven—this vision—even a nervous interplay; it is a vision of value, to complete the Vs, of how life is nurtured by decay; it is a victory for the material, for the carnal spirit, because even as Ben weakens, as both his flesh and his Fotomat fold, and the hyper-real world of the novel completes its business and makes its final sale, its hero is having an ecstasy attack; and because love is finally Ben Flesh's *forte*, he retains his edge to the end.

To turn to account . . . to disable disabilities by finding their use . . . to celebrate circumstance . . . to turn on a light in the heart of darkness . . . well, all flesh is grass, as the prophet said, but the word of the Elkin shall franchise it forever.

Without Fear or Favor: The New York Times and Its Times by Harrison E. Salisbury

(Times Books; $17.50)

The *New York Times* is a national treasure, probably the most trusted source of information in the land. How it evolved from a complacent, compliant establishment organ into a hesitant but increasingly tough challenger of establishment lies and deceptions is stirringly told by Harrison E. Salisbury in *Without Fear or Favor*.

A milestone in the transformation was the *Times*'s publication in 1971 of the Pentagon Papers, the government's secret archives of the Vietnam War. The decision to publish was taken against the advice of the *Times*'s law firm and led to a direct confrontation with the Nixon White House. For the first time in history the government attempted peacetime censorship. The *Times* was served with an order of prior restraint, blocking further publication of the Pentagon series (only the first two articles had appeared) until the issue of national security was resolved in the courts. The government contended that publication would cause irreparable harm to national interests. The *Times* maintained that the documents, which exposed a pattern of lies and deceptions in the government's escalation of the war, contained no specific threat to security and were part of an infamous history that the public needed to know. The case moved swiftly to the Supreme Court, which upheld the *Times*'s right to publish, six to three.

At the *Times* there had been weeks of anxiety as the editors prepared the Pentagon Papers bombshell. Some had paranoid visions of a raid on the offices by the FBI or the CIA. (The White House Plumbers had not yet been activated.) A few feared that a wrathful President Nixon might go on TV, blast the *Times* for treason, and throw them in jail.

Salisbury, then an assistant managing editor, evokes the scene with the mounting tension of a spy thriller. Remember, the Pentagon Papers were stolen, top-secret government property. Daniel Ellsberg, a think-tank analyst, had photocopied the documents and peddled them to congressional doves, hoping that disclosure of their secrets would stop the war. Unsuccessful, Ellsberg finally gave the purloined papers to Neil Sheehan, a young *Times* war correspondent who had come back from Vietnam convinced, like Ellsberg, that the war was hideously wrong.

With some difficulty, Sheehan convinced his editors that the documents were legitimate and that he had a scoop. It would take days, even weeks to digest the voluminous archives. Meanwhile there had to be tight secrecy. Much pain was taken to conceal the project. Sheehan and a small group of assistants were separated from the rest of the staff and isolated on two floors of a midtown hotel. Three heavy safes were brought in to contain the source; *Times* security guards kept a 24-hour vigil. Security precautions extended even to the garbage: wastebaskets were emptied of discarded notes and drafts, the litter concealed in innocent shopping bags, carried out through the lobby and over to the *Times*, there to be fed into shredding machines. At the West 43rd Street offices there was concern over wiretapping, so the news, editorial, and executive offices were swept for bugs.

This cloak-and-dagger stuff is diverting, as are the many other distractions of this gossipy 614-page book. Perhaps there are too many distractions. We learn that Walter Duranty, the *Times*'s man in Moscow (1921-34) not only wrote as he pleased but entertained elaborate sexual fantasies; that during the McCarthy era publisher Arthur Hays Sulzberger fired a copy reader for taking the fifth amendment, and that the present publisher, Arthur Ochs

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("Punch") Sulzberger, an ex-Marine, has a short attention span but is very neat, loves to putter in his garden, and enjoys a quiet drink. Sometimes it is hard to track Salisbury's main thesis through the thicket of anecdotes.

His thesis is this: the Pentagon Papers case, along with two other decisions rising out of the *Times*'s coverage of the civil rights struggle in Alabama, propelled the *Times* to a new role in the national power structure. Armed with the authority and the privileges conferred by these decisions, the press could now achieve equal status with the executive, legislative, and judicial branches of the government, becoming truly the Fourth Estate.

Actually, the triumph of the press is by no means so complete. Salisbury warns that the courts have been chipping away at First Amendment rights. Recent rulings have forced newsmen to reveal their notes and private records to grand juries, a process that could destroy their network of informants and sharply limit their effectiveness as investigative reporters. The *Times* was the victim of two such rulings; one of its reporters was thrown in jail. And in retrospect, the Pentagon Papers victory wasn't all that earthshaking. The *Times*'s attorney, Alexander Bickel of Yale, who took on the case after it was turned down by the paper's old law firm, Lord, Day and Lord, was not, as he put it, "a First Amendment voluptuary." He didn't believe the amendment conferred absolute rights; he felt that the press must accept restraint in cases of clear and present danger. So Pentagon Papers was argued and won on the narrow ground that publication in this instance posed no grave and immediate threat to the nation. To the dismay of civil libertarians, the government's right to impose limits went unchallenged.

In the Alabama cases the *Times*'s victories were decisive enough. Here Salisbury is quite at home, for it was his reporting in 1960— "Fear And Hatred Grip Birmingham"—that reaped a harvest of libel suits totaling $6,150,000 against the *Times* and $1,500,000 against Salisbury. The threat of libel kept *Times* reporters out of Alabama for a year.

Sullivan v. the New York Times reached the Supreme Court early in 1964. In a watershed decision the Court ruled six to three that public officials claiming libel damages would have to prove that the libelous statements were made with "actual malice." The parallel case of *Connor v. the Times* went to trial six months later in Birmingham. Ignoring the *Sullivan* verdict, a federal court jury awarded $40,000 to "Bull" Connor, the notorious police commissioner. He never got the money. Citing *Sullivan*, the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals ruled that Connor could not collect unless he could show "reckless disregard for the truth." On the contrary, the court said, Salisbury and the *Times* "exhibited a high standard of reporting practices." These rulings, Salisbury says,

> placed . . . almost full power in the hands of the press to report at will on the conduct of government officials, short only of malice, and it was made clear that malice would be defined with narrowness. It stripped Connor and the whole range of southern officials of the ability to intimidate the press through the power of the purse and the libel law.

The *Times* pressed ahead with other investigations. It had published the first comprehensive analysis of the Central Intelligence Agency in 1966, but the articles skimped on the CIA's domestic activities. These got full treatment in 1974, in an exposé by Sy Hersh. It revealed a massive and totally illegal surveillance by the CIA of thousands of Americans who opposed the Vietnam War. The CIA had opened mail, tapped wires, broken into private homes and offices. The exposé led to three official investigations of the CIA and a major realignment of procedures to bring the agency under control.

In the fiercely competitive reporting on Watergate, Salisbury concedes the edge to the *Washington Post*. The *Times* trailed badly at the start, played aggressive catch-up, and seemed about to draw even, scoop for scoop, when the story suddenly ended with the resignation of President Nixon. Both papers admirably fulfilled their First Amendment functions, but neither could have written so freely without the protective cloak of the *Sullivan* case decision, the author says.

Salisbury, in his more militant moments, sees the *Times* right up there at the barricades of a new American revolution. There's been a tidal shift of power, he points out, from the presidency to Congress and the courts. The *Times* must seize the moment and aggressively assert its right to "monitor" the new aggregates of power: the spreading bureaucracies, the military-industrial complex, the intelligence community, the welfare state, the supra-national corporations.

He admits, though, that the *Times*'s experience in monitoring the powerful is quite limited and recent. In Adolph Ochs's day, caution was the watchword. Ochs suppressed an exclusive interview with Kaiser Wilhelm II in 1908, fearing the Kaiser's sabre-rattling remarks might start a war. In 1961 the *Times* played down an exposé of preparations for the CIA-sponsored Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba. President Kennedy later remarked that the project might have been scrubbed and the fiasco avoided if the *Times* had printed Tad Szulc's story in full. It won't happen again.

New dangers imperil the *Times* today, the author warns. He tells us that A. H. (Abe) Rosenthal, the paper's executive editor, is worried about the absolute and arbitrary power of the courts. "The courts, Rosenthal had concluded, were the strongest totalitarian element in our society."

Perhaps for this reason Rosenthal is obsessed with keeping the paper "straight." As the author explains:

> In no field was Rosenthal more vigilant than that of maintaining the purity of the news columns. Nothing sent him more quickly into one of his famous tantrums than something he perceived as an effort to subvert the paper; to slant its news stories; to turn the *New York Times* to some subversive, self-serving or venal end. To

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him the paper was like Caesar's wife. When his suspicion was aroused he became Othello.

Was there ever a Iago in the woodwork? During the 1950s, before Rosenthal became editor, the *Times* ran a purge to eliminate any active Communists from the staff. It was the McCarthy era. A witness had told a Senate subcommittee that the *Times* employed "well over 100 dues-paying members." Arthur Krock, the *Times*'s Washington columnist, took it upon himself to monitor the *New York Times Book Review*. He had long suspected that the *Review* was infected by communist influence. In 1947 and 1948, Salisbury reveals,

> Krock repeatedly wrote Arthur Sulzberger about 'pinkos' [who] get into the *Book Review*. He cited Henry Steele Commager's review of John Gunther's *Inside U.S.A.* and John Galbraith's review of a Twentieth Century Fund study of American resources. He characterized a review by Arthur Schlesinger Jr., of a book by Harold Stassen as filled with 'young pinko doctrines' and was outraged at a review by Justin O'Brien of a work by Jean-Paul Sartre. . . . There is no evidence that Krock's complaints caused Lester Markel, who was in charge of the Review, to drop reviewers like Henry Steele Commager, John Kenneth Galbraith or Arthur Schlesinger Jr., but the *Book Review* and its 'leftist slant' was to become a McCarthyite theme.

No active Communist party members were unearthed in the purge, which resulted in the firing of two men and the forced resignation of a third, presumably for concealing past membership. Although Arthur Hays Sulzberger "despised McCarthy and his methods," he couldn't abide employees who took refuge in the Fifth Amendment.

A second in-house investigation, this one ordered by Abe Rosenthal, sprang from allegations that an "arrangement" existed between the *Times* and the CIA whereby the CIA could employ the *Times*'s correspondents as cover. No evidence of any bilateral contractual arrangement was found but it was disclosed that on at least two occasions the CIA had tried to recruit *Times* men for covert duty. And in 1947 Arthur H. Sulzberger allowed the Central Intelligence Group, precursor of the CIA, to have access to FYI (For Your Information) material, private reports, and letters from foreign correspondents filled with background information and tips that could provide a valuable font of information to fledgling spooks. Moreover, there were close and enduring personal ties between some *Times* men and upper-echelon spooks.

So maybe Abe's angst is justified, despite Salisbury's assurances that the news columns and editorials of the good grey *Times* remain untainted—at least up to now.

Homer Bigart

Homer Bigart is a former foreign correspondent of the *New York Times*.

Community: Reflections on a Tragic Ideal by Glenn Tinder

(Louisiana State University Press; $20)

We live in a political culture whose concerns are embodied in terms like power, interest, freedom, right, privacy, justice, and individualism. Machiavelli and Hobbes, Locke and Rousseau, and Paine and Madison are representative of our mentors, and are inevitably consulted by anyone seeking to clarify these terms. If the titles of books that have recently received wide attention are any indication, they still define our interests: we continue to try to sort out political and economic markets (Charles Lindbloom), to balance the state between anarchy and utopia (Robert Nozick), to decide whether and how to take rights seriously (Ronald Dworkin), to explicate the meanings of freedom (Isaiah Berlin), authority (Richard Sennett), leadership (James MacGregor Burns), and progress (Robert Nisbet)—to measure the justice of war (Michael Walzer) and the fairness of justice (John Rawls).

In almost every case, our idea of the political begins with *homo economicus*: man conceived as a secularized, privatistic, self-regarding calculator motivated solely by hedonistic interests and conscious of the political only by dint of selfish prudence. Our politics, in the blunt reductionism of Harold Laswell, is thus defined by the question "who gets what, when, where, and how?" Right and left may differ on the answer but they concur on the question. Our radical no less than our conservative ideologies consequently tend to be secular, material, privatistic, and commercial. To the extent community plays any role at all, it is community held together by prudential justice but not divine order, by conflict and contract but neither fraternity nor patriotism, by economics rather than religion, and by interest rather than faith.

In light of this pervasively secular and individualistic climate of opinion, it is more than a little startling to open up Glenn Tinder's new book, *Community: Reflections on a Tragic Ideal*, and discover chapter and subchapter headings alluding to civility, consciousness, truth, fate, patriotism, respect, shame, love, hope, and faith. We seem to have stumbled into some other era's vocabulary, come upon an anachronism. A serious attempt to deal with the crises of our times by talking about transcendental religion, the limits of truth, the tragedy of all inquiry, and the finitude of human life? Who is Glenn Tinder anyway—an escaped theologian? A vestigial existentialist? A reborn Christian in political theorist's clothes?

Apparently not. Glenn Tinder, who teaches at the University of Massachusetts in Boston, is indisputably of our age. Nonetheless, he is offering us a pertinent meditation on community in America by exploring the ancient relationships between community and communication, community and doubt, community and inquiry, community and action, community and religion, and community and history. He means to illuminate precisely those aspects of our culture left in darkness by the political tradition depicted above. He believes that our refusal to confront them is itself part of our problem.

His position, which unfortunately is nowhere clearly stated in a group of essays tied together by perspective but hardly systematic or even consistent, is something like this: man is a lonely, finite being troubled by his mortality, his solitude, and his imperfection. He looks to communication, to mutual inquiry, and to community for help in overcoming his limits. Yet—and this is the central dilemma of man's social existence—"when the ideal of community is adhered to with consistency and determination it is a source of serious and irresolvable tensions." That is to

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say, it is unattainable, and by virtue of the very limits that drive men to seek it. It can be approximated sometimes, but only when it is built on foundations that go beyond self-interest and the politics of privatism. Grounded in faith, which for Tinder means transcendental religion, not some comfortable variety of secular humanism, and informed by a respect for the unattainability of truth and thus by a respect for others (tolerance) as well as for self, community can mitigate the sorrows of the human condition.

But even its paradoxical best, community is fallible and incomplete, a tragic ideal that can be only partially realized—and then only with great difficulty. Such is the "destiny of communal being in a universe that offers only fragmentary and ephemeral experiences of community."

Now this is clearly a long way from *homo economicus* and the politics of private interest adjudication. Nonetheless, Tinder believes it underlies and helps to explain contemporary political pathologies. Indeed, his analysis of community implicitly challenges the liberal contention that the idea of community must be associated with totalitarian hubris and value absolutism—with the repression of individuality and plurality in the name of monolithic collectivism. Tinder's ideal of community, precisely because it is tragic, leads in the opposite direction: resting on humility rather than pride and growing out of the incompleteness of individual human existence, it promotes communication, inquiry, and the spirit of tolerance. Its chief component is civility—respect for others in the face of individual finitude, a sense of mutuality in the face of private man's vulnerability to time and history, and tolerance in the face of the elusiveness of truth. Liberals have long worried about the totalitarian tendencies of democratic community and socialist collectivism. Jean-François Revel's *The Totalitarian Temptation* is only the most recent example of a critical tradition going back to J. L. Talmon and Ortega y Gassett that perceives in the ideal of a moral community a source of modern man's most insidious despotisms. Jean-Jacques Rousseau has been thought of as a totalitarian by certain critics ever since Heinrich Heine called Robespierre "naught but the hand, the bloody bloody hand, of Rousseau."

Without addressing such criticisms directly, Tinder devastates the premises from which they are drawn. Injustice, intolerance, and war are to him the natural outcome of a world view stripped of faith. It is not so much that the brotherhood and sisterhood of the species depends on the fatherhood (motherhood) of God, but that deracinated, privatistic men and women without a transcendental base for their own identities will be incapable of respect either for themselves or for others; that deracination may be more culpable than religion in the breakdown of civic order; that incivility issues in intolerance just as readily as dogmatism issues in repression.

Seen in this way, community becomes an extension of communication, inquiry, and mutuality, and is an antidote to the prideful but ultimately futile narcissism of modern pluralist society. Tinder offers no panaceas, however. Man's communities reflect man: "The truth is that human beings . . . are of limited value—finite, mortal and morally imperfect. . . . The consequence is we cannot reasonably will communities that are not severely limited." So modest and circumscribed an argument for community ought to mollify anxious critics of collectivism and dogmatism.

This is not to say there are not several difficulties facing community understood as a tragic ideal. The connections drawn among religion, faith, inquiry, and community are convincing in Tinder's theory, but they lack a certain historical conviction. Voltaire might have been surprised to see Christian faith linked with Enlightenment ideals like tolerance and civility, and Galileo certainly would have found the conflation of transcendental faith and free inquiry a most peculiar one. Moreover, the long historical associations among religious faith, dogmatism, paternalism, and hubris (the Crusades, for example) are hardly fortuitous. And Tinder's own theoretical discussion ultimately issues in tensions which seem to echo this sad history.

Tinder's problem is that his collection of essays makes two quite distinct arguments which are never really reconciled. One argument propounds a close linkage between community and free inquiry—the pursuit (though not necessarily the achievement) of knowledge. Community understood as communication is patently a liberal notion and invites friendly relations with liberal ideals like liberty, pluralism, and tolerance. A second argument is concerned with the roots of communal fellow-feeling in faith and the idea of a more-than-human (transcendental) realm of value. Community understood as communion nourishes non-liberal values and seems more hospitable to ideals like patriotism, leadership, and self-sacrifice. Tinder would of course like to show that community as communication and community as communion are the same; yet their real-world political implications as written in the historical record suggest serious contradictions. The ideal of community may comprise both, but actual historical communities seem to reflect one or the other, most often in mutually exclusive ways. Calvin's Geneva was not a citadel of scientific inquiry and open communication; nor was Freud's Vienna a citadel of secure faith.

These two incompatible ideas of community in Tinder seem to reflect two quite incompatible dispositions toward man's fate. One, sensitive to man's failed aspirations and insurmountable limitations, is dark and pessimistic. It yearns for faith but acknowledges deracination; it calls for community but wonders whether man is "capable of disciplines so onerous" as those community imposes. Its humility is spawned by hopelessness—what appears to be Tinder's vision of ineluctable Christian perdition—and thus lacks the optimism and belief in progress on which inquiry and tolerance have most often rested.

At the same time, Tinder seems drawn by another disposition which *is* suffused with the light of common inquiry and the hope of a greater human fellowship through common endeavor and open communication—a disposition hospitable to democratic debate, scientific discussion, and parliamentary deliberation. It is hopeful and active and nourishes such correlative ideals as equality and mutual respect.

Which disposition is, then, an appropriate response to our times? Is it a city of despair or a city of hope that Tinder means to offer us? And are the two dispositions, each an implicit limit

Coming:

Maggie Scarf on Depressed Women.

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Richard Gilman on Walker Percy.

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on the other, really compatible in their political consequences?

It is difficult to find answers to these questions because Tinder has given us a collection of essays rather than an integral book. He develops no single, systematic theory of community not because (as he tries to persuade us in his apologetic preface) the idea of community "resists systematic treatment," but because his nine essays originate in quite distinctive attempts to deal with such varied ideas as patriotism, equality, history, action, tolerance, faith, and civility and because community is a lowest common denominator rather than a forceful organizing construct in the volume. In the absence of a consistent, compelling theory of community that spells out how the two cities can be transformed into one city, the several essays do as much to undermine as to support and reinforce one another.

If Tinder's provocative thesis could be strengthened by integrating the several essays, it might also benefit from a greater willingness to rely on intellectual confederates and historical allies. Tinder, a compelling prophet of community, does not always seem aware that he himself belongs to one. His discussion of civility is both rich and suggestive: might it not enhance and be enhanced by Michael Oakeshott's *On Human Nature* or Richard Sennett's *The Fall of Public Man*, which also explore civility's modern conditions? Could he not aid his readers by contrasting his understanding of inquiry as a form of community with Thomas Kuhn's well-known portrait of scientific communities? Would he not find some welcome support in such American philosophers as Dewey or James who share at least some of his premises, above all in Josiah Royce, whose limning of the individualist ethic might stand as a perfect epigraph for *Reflections on a Tragic Ideal*? "Ethical individualism," wrote Royce, "has been in the past one great foe of the great community. . . . [It] will never serve mankind. Equally useless, however, . . . would be any form of mere ethical collectivism. . . ."

Tinder is, to be sure, a pioneer of sorts, but he is not quite alone in a desolate wilderness. The ideas he confronts demand inventiveness, but this doesn't mean he has to reinvent the wheel each time he wants to gain some intellectual momentum. By directing attention back to issues few commentators have taken seriously in recent years, and by showing that a concern with religion and faith need not undermine freedom, and a belief in community need not engender dogmatism or collectivism, he has served tradition and anti-privatistic communitarianism with eloquence and imagination. Perhaps now he can permit the tradition to serve him—and thereby serve our troubled society still more effectively.

Benjamin R. Barber

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Puritan Boston and Quaker Philadelphia: Two Protestant Ethics and the Spirit of Class Authority and Leadership by E. Digby Baltzell

(The Free Press; $19.95)

E. Digby Baltzell's new book is too long. The argument—and it has an interesting argument—winds through more than 500 pages, pulling readers through stretches of history, biographies, anecdotes, and statistics, much of which could well have been omitted. Baltzell is a sociologist at the University of Pennsylvania, but his book is not a work in the hard social sciences. He is also a historian, but his book is built largely out of secondary sources, not the documents and manuscript collections that are the historian's bedrock. *Puritan Boston and Quaker Philadelphia* is more exactly a work in the somewhat neglected field of historical sociology, attempting to define the rules that bind society and politics by scrutinizing patterns of behavior in times past. It also manages to be engaging, often witty, informative even where not entirely convincing, and provides the stuff for a good intellectual argument of the sort, he would have us believe, more likely to be held in Boston than in Philadelphia.

Baltzell set out to explain why Boston produced so many more notable Americans that did Philadelphia. The answer, he says, lies in the different religious ethics of those communities' founders. The hierarchical and authoritarian ethic of Puritanism encouraged leadership and public commitment, whereas the egalitarian and anti-authoritarian ethic of Quakerism led instead to "the virus of materialism," such that able men chose private profit over public authority—success rather than fame. "Boston" here includes Cambridge and 19th-century Concord as well as Salem and Essex County on the North Shore; indeed at times Baltzell discusses Boston and Massachusetts together since both were bound in a pervasive Puritan-Congregationalist culture. Philadelphia, on the other hand, was by 1700 a city of many peoples and religions, and inland Pennsylvania was settled in good part by Germans and Scots-Irish. Baltzell maintains that all were touched by the influence of Quakerism; yet "Quaker Philadelphia" remains a more limited geographical reference than "Puritan Boston."

But did Boston produce more notable Americans than Philadelphia? Of the 400 outstanding persons listed in Richard B. Morris's *Encyclopedia of American History*, three times more came from Massachusetts than from Pennsylvania. For further evidence Baltzell turned to the multi-volumed *Dictionary of American Biography*, which lists over 13,000 individuals or about eight in every 10,000 Americans, "a small and distinguished elite." Massachusetts, he concludes, was the first state in proportion to size as a contributor to national leadership. The second most prolific was Connecticut, a state also born of the Puritan-Congregationalist culture.

The statistical evidence, it should be said, is not so "overwhelmingly convincing" as Baltzell claims. In absolute number of *DAB* entries Pennsylvania did rather well. It placed third, with nine percent of all entries versus 14 for the two front runners, New York and Massachusetts. Pennsylvania probably ranked so high because the editors of the *DAB* made every effort to go beyond the soldiers, statesmen, and clergymen who dominated previous reference books and gather as well the names of those prominent in fields such as industry and

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science, where Pennsylvanians were more productive. Baltzell goes more seriously astray, I think, when he tries to correlate length of entry in the *DAB* with its subject's importance. The first volume of that work emphasized that length also reflected "the amount of available authentic material," the nature of an individual's career, and "the completeness of biographies already published." Massachusetts was long more interested in history and geneology than Pennsylvania, whose founders rejected all such forms of human vanity. Entries on the sons of Massachusetts were therefore proportionately longer.

To note such cultural differences is to suggest Baltzell's argument may be right despite the weakness of his statistics. He is not the first to associate hierarchy with strong leadership. Charles Sydnor and Gordon S. Wood, for example, explained the intellectual distinction of late 18th-century American leaders by noting that members of a ruling elite then honed their minds by speaking and writing not for the masses but for others of like talent. Excellence of that sort was incompatible with the more egalitarian politics that emerged from the revolution—as Alexis de Tocqueville fully understood. The differences Sydnor and Wood associated with periods in time Baltzell links instead with distinct urban cultures such that Boston continues, in a sense, the older world of the 18th century, while Philadelphia marks what came later.

Boston, Baltzell argues, has had a tradition of service and distinction as represented in such families as the Adamses, Peabodys, Saltonstalls, Lodges, Winthrops, Quincys, and, yes, the Kennedys, that is lacking in Philadelphia. Boston's leadership is "like perennial plants . . . deeply rooted in the soil of New England," where Philadelphia's leaders tend to be—as Jefferson said of the Philadelphia elite in his day—"cut flowers," rootless, good for a day or two, but fated to fade and be replaced by immigrants to the city or "auslanders." This difference explains why Bostonians are boosters of their city while Philadelphians are given to self-disparagement: "in a society that is led by an established and authoritative class there will be more self-respect and pride . . . than . . . where a privileged class falls back on its wealth, leaving the reins of society to an egalitarian and democratic elite."

Boston also has been more open to education and intellect than Philadelphia. Quakers found truth in an "inner light," not in books: "much reading is an oppression of the mind, and extinguishes the natural candle," William Penn wrote, "which is the reason for so many senseless scholars in the world." Harvard was founded six years after the settling of the Massachusetts Bay Colony; Philadelphians waited three-quarters of a century before founding the College of Philadelphia, which became the University of Pennsylvania, and produced no national leaders comparable to those from Harvard or its sister Calvinist institutions, Yale and Princeton. The Boston Latin School was begun in 1635, Philadelphia's Central High School a full two centuries later. Massachusetts pioneered in community schooling and in 1852 passed the first American compulsory school attendance law. Pennsylvania followed her example in 1895—and was the last Eastern Seaboard state above the Mason-Dixon line to do so. Philadelphia was accordingly a lonely place for intellectuals and writers. It produced a Charles Brockton Brown, where Boston could claim Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne.

Philadelphia education excelled in the teaching of practical skills—in the medical school, for example, rather than the undergraduate college at the University of Pennsylvania. And it fostered scientists, but of a particular sort—practitioners of what the 18th century categorized as "natural history," that is of zoology, mineralogy, and especially botany, which consisted largely in the collecting of facts and so fit the Quaker "preference for things over words and was infinitely amateur, democratic, and egalitarian." Bostonians were better at "natural philosophy," which was theoretical, demanded mathematical skills lacking to most laymen, and was therefore elitist.

In all these comparisons Philadelphia comes out so badly that the book—by a native Philadelphian and, it seems, a practicing Quaker—is itself a testament to Philadelphians' gift for self-denigration. It is hard to share Baltzell's apparent preference for ethnically homogenous over mixed societies, for class rule over social mobility. And when he associates the rising popularity of Quakerism in recent years with a decline in authority and leadership, it seems important to recall that the vogue for Quakerism spread during the Vietnam years, when a danger of Puritanism Baltzell notes but does not labor was most apparent—its tendency toward righteous war against evil enemies. Government by the best and the brightest has been something less than an unmixed blessing in our time. Those who read Baltzell's book and reflect upon recent history might well consider it a saving grace that the United States has not just a Boston but a Philadelphia. It provides cultural balance and means that when the saints get out of hand, the country has its hard-headed Quaker traditions to fall back on.

Pauline Maier

Pauline Maier is professor of history at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Her new book, *The Old Revolutionaries: Political Lives in the Age of Samuel Adams*, will be published by Knopf in September.

Knowledge and Decisions by Thomas Sowell

(Basic Books; $18.50)

The first six chapters of this book present a dispassionate argument that economic markets make better decisions than those made by the political process because they economize on the knowledge needed by any one individual to make good decisions and because they convey a sharper sense of constraints. The central planner needs much more information than any individual economic actor. The feedback from higher government spending to higher taxes is slower and less direct than the feedback between one's own expenditures and the need to earn more income.

Since the argument is well known, indeed of ancient lineage, the merit of its repetition depends upon the skill with which it is illustrated. Are Thomas

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Sowell's examples more persuasive—or more amusing—than those used by earlier thinkers? Unfortunately the answer is no. Those who previously believed will continue to believe; those who do not believe will continue not to believe.

The problem with the argument is not that it is true or false. It is clearly both. Economic markets work better than political markets in many circumstances, and everyone agrees that political markets sometimes work better than economic markets. Even the author, for example, wants a much bigger Defense Department. Once you admit that government has any role to play in society, you are forced to state where the line should be drawn between appropriate governmental activities and appropriate private activities. And once the line is drawn with some activities on both sides there is the further problem of improving the decision making of both the economic market and the political arena.

While it is clear that Sowell thinks that too many activities are now on the government side of the line and should be transferred to the private sector, he does not make it clear precisely what activities should be transferred and what the criteria for that transfer should be. But that is the essence of the problem. I agree with him that anti-trust laws need to be cut back drastically and set on some rational track, but I learned nothing about the economic characteristics of the right track or how, politically, to get from here to there.

The last four chapters of the book are Thomas Sowell's view on what has gone wrong with the modern world in economics, law, and politics. Most of our problems can be traced to a major devil—intellectuals and especially politicized social science intellectuals—and a minor devil, the Warren Court. "The characteristics of the intellectual vision are strikingly similar to the characteristics of totalitarian ideology." The major devil has led the minor devil astray (sociological evidence in favor of school desegregation, etc.) and set America on the road to ruin. The argument, previously dispassionate, now turns surly.

Factual analysis disappears. "No American ethnic group has income as low as one-half the national average." In fact American Indian incomes are well below one-half of the national average. "In all the Western nations despite the varieties of social and economic policies of their governments, the distribution of income is strikingly similar." In fact the recent OECD study found differences of more than two to one in the degree of inequality in the distribution of income in different industrialized countries.

Inconsistencies abound. On the one hand, it is not fair to say that 568 companies control 11 percent of the land area, because 568 companies are not a decision-making unit, nor even a basis for a viable conspiracy; yet on the other hand, Sowell can talk about a monolithic government conspiracy despite the existence of over 38,000 tax-levying governments. On the one hand, Sowell condemns the federal government for raising civilian federal employment sixfold from before World War I to the present, yet on the other hand does not mention that one million, or approximately one-third, of those civilian federal employees work for the Defense Department—a source of employment that Sowell wants to expand.

Economic regulations propagated by government agencies such as the Interstate Commerce Commission should be cut back, says Sowell, but he doesn't mention that this action is universally supported both by politicized social science intellectuals (the bad guys) *and* by the business elite (the good guys). In the 1970s the driving force behind government intervention has been the business elite. Lockheed, Chrysler, protection for steel, textiles, cheese, TV manufacturers—in none of these cases were intellectuals clamoring for intervention. The ICC is protected by the trucking industry, not by intellectuals. Stack scrubbers were imposed by an eastern coal industry anxious to stop the use of low sulfur western coal. And so it goes.

Unfortunately the real world isn't populated by devils and angels, nor do the decisions we face lend themselves to black and white answers. Government is not going to disappear. Sowell and what he hopes are a majority of the population want a lot bigger government in the defense area. Others and what they hope are a majority of the population want a lot bigger government in other areas. Both are trying to push the political process in their direction. The real question is how to make the best possible decisions in those areas where government is going to be involved. A sophisticated Fourth of July speech in favor of free enterprise simply doesn't address the real problems.

Lester C. Thurow

Lester C. Thurow, a visiting professor of economics at the University of Arizona, is author of *The Zero-Sum Society* (Basic Books).

A. E. Housman: The Scholar-Poet
by Richard Perceval Graves
(Scribner's; $15.95)

During his lifetime Alfred Edward Housman (1859-1936) was known as a popular poet, a distinguished classicist, and an inscrutable man. Soldiers read tattered copies of *A Shropshire Lad* in the trenches, and numerous editions of the cycle of poems sold quickly to an enthusiastic English public. Housman's fellow classicists quailed before the ferocious criticisms of their work that he let loose in his scholarly writing. As for the man behind the lyrical poems and the fierce footnotes, Max Beerbohm had this uncharitable reaction upon meeting Housman at a literary gathering: "He was like an absconding cashier. We certainly wished he would abscond—sitting silent and then saying only 'there's a bit of nip in the air, don't you think?'" Housman's relatives, friends, acquaintances, and students more charitably wished they could fathom, and perhaps cheer, the retiring and obviously unhappy man.

Since his death, the mystery of Housman the man has not been solved, though it's now accepted fact that he was homosexual. His name no longer instills terror in classicists nor enthusiasm in a wide reading public. Instead he is a poet admired mostly by fellow poets and dons. Richard Perceval Graves is don-like, if not a true don (before devoting himself full-time to writing biographies, he taught at several English schools, the book jacket says); and he is decidedly unpoetic. He intends this biography to be prosaic, a "balanced and

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A. E. HOUSMAN

No one, not even Cambridge, was to blame
(Blame if you like the human situation):
Heart-injured in North London, he became
The Latin Scholar of his generation.

Deliberately he chose the dry as dust,
Kept tears like dirty postcards in a drawer;
Food was his public love, his private lust
Something to do with violence and the poor.

In savage foot-notes on unjust editions
He timidly attacked the life he led,
And put the money of his feelings on

The uncritical relations of the dead,
Where only geographical divisions
Parted the coarse hanged soldier from the don.

W.H. Auden

©1940 and renewed 1968 by W.H. Auden, reprinted from *W.H. Auden: Collected Poems* (Random House, Inc.)

sympathetic account of a remarkable but troubled life." That is a modest aim, which Graves is comfortable fulfilling—so comfortable that his account is dull and repetitive in many places. It is also a problematic aim: a troubled, remarkable character doesn't readily come to life in a balanced, sympathetic setting. Graves only awkwardly gestures toward the intense passions that lay behind Housman's unhappiness and creativity. But Graves's less than lively and graceful account is nonetheless peculiarly appropriate: it calls to mind the Housman who was himself unprepossessing and donnishly remote so often in his life (though Housman had a dry wit at the ready that is altogether foreign to his grave biographer).

Graves devotes a great deal of attention to Housman's family life, which was not straightforwardly healthy and happy. He was traumatized by his mother's death on the day he turned 12, worried by a weak father who slipped into debt and began to drink too much, and prematurely burdened by responsibility for six younger siblings. Graves "finds it reasonable to suppose" that Housman's "unusually strong relationship with his mother" explains his homosexuality. This bond "had led to an early development of the more feminine aspects of his psychological make-up—a development which may indeed be largely responsible for the sensitivity of his poetry and the imaginative insight of his textual scholarship"! That sweeping supposition is uncharacteristically bold for Graves, and unconvincingly crude. When he is his sober self, Graves more judiciously describes Housman as desolated by his unrequited and unremitting love for Moses Jackson, an Oxford friend, and more generally, by his fate as outcast from humanity to which he felt doomed by his homosexuality. This disappointed man wrote, "He would not stay for me; and who can wonder? / He would not stay for me to stand and gaze. / I shook his hand and tore my heart in sunder / And went with half my life about my ways." But with what looked like double energy to the world, Housman went about the painful business of carrying on, and perhaps partly redeeming himself, with his work in classics and poetry.

As a scholar, Housman was an unusual British success story. He failed his Oxford exams (because he worked on emendations to Propertius rather than studying the assigned syllabus) and ended up at the Patent Office in London, where he wrote such beautiful letters that his superior "used him too much as a scribe," he later admitted. After hours, he went to the British Museum and wrote papers on an array of topics in classics that so impressed the academic world that he was appointed professor of Latin at University College in 1892. In 1911 he was made Kennedy Professor of Latin at Cambridge (and the *Oxford Magazine* wrote this gentlemanly tribute: "If we bred a great man, yet it took us a long time to find it out. . . . Cambridge has invested in genius").

Housman was the very model of a don during his 25 years at Cambridge. With the scientific "coolness of head" he prescribed for classicists, he devoted himself to editing the *Astronomica* of Manilius, whom he regarded as a "facile and frivolous poet, the brightest facet of whose genius was an eminent aptitude for doing sums in verse." Housman was not inclined to displays of warmth in college life either; a loyal but aloof fellow of Trinity College, he was a terrible conversationalist at High Table, except when food and wine, his special interests, were the topic. But Housman didn't simply blend into the woodwork. As befits a don, he had his eccentricities, more and less lovable. His undignified attacks on his colleagues' scholarship were not thought endearing (though Graves would have us believe they were in fact "perfectly proper" and "scrupulously fair"). His avid patronage of airplanes, however, intrigued the quiet Cambridge community. In extreme danger and discomfort, he flew to Paris almost every year beginning in 1920. Once there, he apparently indulged a secret passion in the French demimonde. Graves has unearthed a note listing male prostitutes and their fees and, if Graves's interpretation is right, recording Housman's satisfaction at the large number of homosexual encounters he fit into a fortnight.

But the most important of the reserved don's incongruous pastimes was writing poetry. He wrote most of the modest bulk of his poetry in two short bursts. During 1895 he produced all or part of nearly 70 poems, 50 of which constitute *A Shropshire Lad*, published in 1896. In 1922 (when he learned Moses Jackson was dying of cancer) he suddenly wrote copiously again, and *Last Poems* appeared in the fall of that year. (*More Poems* and *Additional Poems*, amounting to about 80 mostly short lyrics, were published posthumously.)

Poetry's purpose, Housman declared in his 1933 Leslie Stephen Lecture "On the Name and Nature of Poetry," "is to transfuse emotion—not to transmit thought," and this man who gave his cool head to classics gave strong passions to his poems. He wrote about death, the tragedy of war, the bitterness of love, the sorrow of pleasures passed and those never to be had, the necessity of endurance in a flawed world, and he wrote with an intensity that has led many to dismiss his poetry as "adolescent." But that is to dismiss grief and despair, powerfully felt and directly expressed as Housman did, as excesses deserving of condescension rather than as truths that speak to all souls, even

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those over 21. With stoic purposefulness, Housman forged his unhappiness into strictly and intricately formal poetry that at its best reveals haunting beauty in the profoundest of sadnesses and reminds of the sadness in all beauty—a reminder that "goes through [us] like a spear," as Housman, quoting Keats, described the feeling that a moment of poetic inspiration gave him. Edmund Wilson was right to rank Housman's work "among the jewels of English literature rather than among its great springs of life." Housman's own life, then, is the lump of coal that may forever defy the artful, insightful biography: it was the hard and dark disguise of the gift within.

Ann Hulbert

Mysteries

Those of us who think detective fiction is serious literature may never recover from the good intentions of the Mobil Oil Company, for now that it is over, it ought to be possible to say that the 15-week television series of "classic thrillers" was a disaster, that never has *Rebecca* seemed so trite and Peter Lovesey (or Sergeant Cribb, as the television series was billed) so shallow. The frantic and irrelevant remarks of Gene Shalit lead one to understand, however, how it is that intelligent people can so easily dismiss good writers: there really are remarkably few people who can resist, on the one hand, trying to elevate mystery fiction to the level of Voltaire, Oedipus, and Dostoevsky (thus failing to take such fiction seriously in its own right) or, on the other hand, using the lazy technique of the lumper to conclude that every book by Doris Lessing is more important than any book by Robert B. Parker.

One writer who has suffered from the caprice of editorial judgment is A. B. Guthrie Jr., who as author of *The Big Sky* was taken seriously at the least as a regional novelist of some consequence, and who is now virtually ignored since he has turned to "Western novels of suspense," for which read detective stories set in Midbury (fairly obviously Guthrie's own Choteau), Montana. Guthrie's third such venture, *No Second Wind* (Houghton Mifflin, $9.95) brings back two attractive figures, Sheriff Chick Charleston and his maturing assistant, Jason Beard, and through their eyes shows us how a ranching community responds to the presence of strip-miners. The book is worth several articles in the *New York Times* on boom towns like Gillette, Wyoming, and its loving sense of place more than makes up for the fact that the solution to the mystery is both simple and secondary.

As for Parker, his latest, *Looking for Rachel Wallace* (Delacorte Press/ Seymour Lawrence, $8.95), tells us quite a bit about how Boston society reacts to the publication of a book by an avowed lesbian, and while the mystery is less than baffling, the style and sense of character remind one that Dickens also wrote for popular audiences of some intelligence. Parker, like P. D. James, is on the verge of moving to the straight novel if he wants to, but he has made the decision to continue doing well what he wants to do, rather like his series figure Spenser.

Of course, one understands why detective fiction is not taken seriously by academics and many literary editors when one reads most "serious" scholarly literature on the genre. Happily a genuinely original, clearly argued, and respectable study of Robert Parker, as well as of Roger L. Simon and Andrew Bergman, has been written by David Geherin: *Sons of Sam Spade: The Private Eye Novel in the 70s* (Ungar, $9.95). A professor of English, Geherin has had the good judgment to take Parker, in particular, seriously on his own terms, and although the obligatory references to Auden and James Fenimore Cooper and Leslie Fiedler are all locked into place, Geherin is independent-minded and amply demonstrates the range and flexibility, rather than the formulaic quality, to be found in the best mystery and thriller writers. Nadya Aisenberg, in *A Common Spring: Crime Novel and Classic* (Bowling Green University Popular Press, $15.95), while rather heavy for my taste, also provides a fine introduction to how crime fiction forms a continuum with myth and fairy tales, though she takes the high road with Dickens, Conrad, and Graham Greene for the most part.

Neglect and a generally inadequate critical apparatus notwithstanding, new writers of talent continue to emerge. There are at least two such writers this month. Scott Keech's *Ciphered* (Harper & Row, $9.95), is an "academic" mystery that turns on Ignatius Donnelly's *The Great Cryptogram* on which the heroine has written; the puzzle is closely reasoned and well laid out, and though the writing is a bit wooden, clearly Keech will improve. *Jacoby's First Case* (Atheneum, $9.95), by J. C. S. Smith, introduces us to a retired New York transit policeman living out a boring life in Co-op City, and here too the sense of place and the grace of style lift this "first mystery" above its plotting so that one is led to the obvious conclusion, that we await Jacoby's second case.

For the testy who are unwilling to let writers new to the field stumble about a bit, there are also two fine books by solidly established writers. Dick Francis's *Whip Hand* (Harper & Row, $9.95) is one of his best. It brings back Sid Halley, who appeared in *Odds Against*, and it reads with all the verve and subtle sense of timing that one expects of Francis (and that one could not detect in the PBS Mobil TV version in April). James McClure, on the other hand, has not served up the same again, for *Spike Island* (Pantheon, $14.95) takes us away from South Africa to Merseyside in a remarkable, and lengthy, study, "warts and all," of an actual police division. Not fiction, yet not strictly fact, *Spike Island* is a contribution to the growing literature on social definitions of crime as seen from the bottom up; E. P. Thompson and all those serious historians would be pleased.

Robin Winks

Correspondence, *from page 3*

different news items about Haiti. True, oppression in Haiti might be less severe than in Cuba but nonetheless it has been pretty widely reported that Haitians sent back there will be punished. Also economically the Haitians are desperate. No doubt many of the Cubans are, too. The specific point I would like to make is, if we are going to open the gates to the Cubans, we cannot possibly refuse to open them to any other people whether they seek refuge for economic or political reasons.

Mary Davis
Valencia, California

The editors welcome correspondence from TNR's readers. Letters intended for publication should include the correspondent's full name, address, and telephone number, should be typed double-spaced, and held to under 200 words. Longer letters may be abridged due to lack of space.

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Washington Diarist

Getting the Willies

The Second Annual Phobia Conference took place near Washington last week, according to a report in the *Washington Post*, and phobiologists took the opportunity to describe the most common fears that trigger a "panic attack"—the sudden and disorienting rush of fear so strong it causes its victim to avoid the source of offense ever after. The most interesting fear by far is agoraphobia, or fear of the marketplace, a sensation that certainly affects a broad diversity of characters these days. Some lucky souls—Bunker Hunt and Milton Friedman come to mind—apparently were innoculated against this economic disease as children. Others aren't so lucky. This malady takes many strange forms, as Lee Iaccoca and Ralph Nader, each in his own way, will attest. But the majority of sufferers have not developed the sophisticated defense mechanisms needed to stave off agoraphobia—unemployed auto workers and many American housewives, for instance. Surely this disease is on the upswing these days. The major symptom to look out for is staying home a lot, and this cannot be a healthy thing, especially for the growing numbers of people who can't afford to do much else.

There are, of course, innumerable things to fear in the world. Flying is a biggie, and so are heights, Ronald Reagan, elevators, insects, doorknobs, and Russians. But what do you do if your pet phobia is—well, somewhat anonymous, highly aggressive, and instrumental to your livelihood? I speak, of course, of that bane of editors, the petulant nit-picker. The petulant nit-picker is usually highly self-righteous, somewhat pedantic, always explicitly well intentioned ("I do not mean to be a petulant nit-picker, but . . ."), and generally wrong. Nevertheless, these sorts inevitably come on strong ("never in my 30 years of reading your magazine . . .") and render the poor editor immobile with the fear that something has slipped through his more or less meticulously constructed mistake-catching system. One such recently took us to task for allowing the word "metal" where "mettle" seemed intended by the writer; "metal," by the leading lights of this rather old, admittedly chaotic, and ever-growing language, is perfectly acceptable, also meaning quality of character. Another particularly petulant reader claimed that "tocsin" means only the sounding of an alarm; therefore, he insisted, one cannot "ring" a tocsin like a bell. He too was wrong. The same correspondent also pounced on our use of "welch," meaning to renege, instead of "welsh." The fact is, both spellings are acceptable and in common usage. Future nit-pickers would be well advised to look beyond their noses before next picking their nits; there's nothing worse than a petulant picker who misses the nit.

It's that season again. What begins in this profession as gossip, slander, and innuendo about presidential candidates is raised to journalism, which is in turn raised to the status of historical record. This quadrennial pursuit is not particularly high minded, but then neither is history. It is an inevitable byproduct of a political system capable of electing peanut farmers and former movie stars to the presidency. Generally it does only glancing harm, if any at all. Like the most wicked gossip, it is both highly pleasurable and not entirely fair. This year's broad-side-of-a-barn-sized target is, naturally, Ronald Reagan. The *Washington Post* kicked things off several weeks ago with a report alleging that former Reagan aides Michael Deaver and Peter Hannaford have been registered as agents for the Taiwan government. Reagan's sympathy for Taiwan is well known. Next, the *Village Voice*'s impresarios of political dirt, Alexander Cockburn and James Ridgeway, dug up the 1976 testimony of a Grumman aircraft executive before Senator Frank Church's Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations alleging that in 1972 Richard V. Allen, then deputy assistant to President Nixon on economic affairs and now a top Reagan foreign policy adviser, had asked for a million dollar campaign contribution from Grumman to pave the way for a Japanese aircraft contract. Allen denied that he "had any such conversation" with the Grumman official; the official stands by his testimony. Well, Reagan admirers will say, so what? All this only suggests a certain level of wheeling and dealing among those close to Reagan. This brings us to another, less well publicized report published several weeks ago in the Covington, Kentucky, *Post*. The *Post*, struck by the apparent lack of enthusiasm of local police to investigate the murder of a local hood in Newport, Kentucky, spent almost two years investigating the case and came up with some interesting dirt indeed. The deceased hood in question had only recently been president of an outfit called the Hy-Test Coal Company, in which capacity, on September 25, 1975, he had squired none other than Ronald Reagan around Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois in a rented Lear jet. According to the *Post* story, the Hy-Test president, one Lester Lee, a convicted rapist and con man, through the offices of Ohio state senator and former congressman Donald E. "Buz" Lukens, chartered a plane for what was ostensibly a Reagan campaign swing. Though a Reagan spokesman has denied the trip was for purposes of campaigning, and thus defended its failure to report Lee's largesse to federal election authorities, the Reagan people apparently do not deny that Reagan, with aide—yes, Mike Deaver—were picked up by Lee the morning of September 25, then flew to Lexington to pick up former governor (and Citizens for Reagan founder) Louie Nunn and Lukens for a tour of Evansville, Dayton, and finally Chicago, where Reagan addressed the Executive Club the next morning.

What was Ronald Reagan doing with Lester Lee, who apparently had wangled a $55 million coal contract with the Turkish government through shady intermediaries, had a prison record as long as your leg, and who ended up two years later bleeding to death on the floor of a backwater porno bookstore after the coal deal fell through? Lukens, an avid and well-known Reagan supporter who was on Hy-Test's payroll as a PR consultant at the time, obviously played a role. This is *not* to suggest that Ronald Reagan is habitually in cahoots with former rapists or criminals, nor that he has secret investments in the Turkish coal industry. Far from it. I suspect Ronald Reagan would be shocked to know just how shady his fellow passenger in that Lear jet actually was, if he remembers the occasion. Significantly, according to the *Post*, his handlers have not yet made him aware of the Lee story, the only one of the recent flurry in which he was personally involved. He certainly hasn't responded to it himself. He should. Otherwise, there will be questions. For instance, what *else* are his associates and handlers up to while he is off taking those famous naps? And how often does he take them?

R.H.

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